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Established in 1799, for Insurance against Loss or Damage by Fire, on the most equitable terms, and on a principle which conveys PERFECT SECURITY, WITHOUT ANY RESPONSIBILITY whatever to the insured, at Reduced Premiums.

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THE ART UNIONS OF GERMANY.

Berlin, Düsseldorf, and Dresden.

THE extraordinary popularity and success which have attended the transactions of the Society, denominated "The Art Union" in this Country; the great benefit derived from its operations, both to Art and Artists; the talent which it has been the means of eliciting and fostering; and the feeling for Art which it has caused to be engendered in many cases, and in many others improved; the liberality with which it has been supported, and the various channels that have by its agency been opened, for compensating the labours of British Genius,—stamp this Institution as the most important existing evidence of the rapid growth of a taste for Art in this kingdom.

It was indeed a happy idea that a trifling individual Subscription might accumulate a fund, sufficiently large to purchase annually some of the best productions of the English School of Painting, the chance of possessing which should be within the power of every supporter of the Institution, at the same time that he had a *certainly* of an equivalent for his contribution in a specimen of Graphic Art, well worthy of acceptance.

England cannot, however, claim the credit of having originated this plan of promoting the interests of the Fine Arts; for as far back as January 1829, a Society having similar objects, and whose operations were conducted upon nearly the same principles, was established in *Düsseldorf*, under the title of *The Art Union for the Rhinish Province and Westphalia*. The success which attended this Society far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its Founders, and the splendid Engravings published by them as presentation plates to the Subscribers, are tolerably good evidence of the taste and spirit which animate its Councils.

The remarkable and substantial benefits diffused by this Society did not fail to attract the notice of the Prussian Sovereign, under whose immediate patronage and countenance similar Institutions have been formed in Berlin and in Dresden. These three Institutions form now a confederation of Art Unions in Germany, under the special favour of this Patriotic King, who aids their funds by an annual subscription of 1000. sterling; and they further enjoy the protection and encouragement of all the Foreign Courts.

In alluding again to the Art Union of England, it cannot but occur to every lover of Art, that however great its popularity and success as an Institution, and however appreciable are the benevolent and patriotic motives which originated and have supported it, yet that its sphere of comprehension must necessarily be of a limited character, restricted as its operations are to the exclusive patronage of British Art; but it cannot be doubted that the feeling for Art which it has created will seek to soar beyond the confines of this Society, and that an Appetite has been already created for a more extended and discursive exercise of taste than the British School, with all its excellencies, can present.

In reply to this demand, the immensely varied and inexhaustible resources offered by the different schools throughout Germany, the Communities of Artists of Berlin, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Frankfurt, Munich, and other Cities, afford annually a rich and endless variety, including productions of genius of that transcendently beautiful character, for which the Schools of Germany are so justly famed.

That there exists a strong desire in many of the Members of the English Society to become associated with those of Germany, is manifested to the Councils of the several Unions, by the number of applications that have been made for admission to the subscription lists; and to such an extent has this feeling evinced itself, that the establishment of a direct British Agency has at length been determined on. The Councils of the Art Unions of Germany have, at their respective Meetings at Berlin, Düsseldorf, and Dresden, come to the resolution to establish in London a direct Agency and Depot, for the reception of the names of Subscribers, for the exhibition of their works, and for the distribution of their prizes,—thus affording to the English Nation an opportunity of enjoying all the privileges of their Associations.

They have therefore to announce that they have completed an arrangement with Mr. HENRY HERING, 9, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London, appointing him as their Sole Agent and Manager for the United Kingdom.

For the Reception of Subscribers' Names,

For the Issue of Tickets,

For the Distribution of the Prospectuses,

for the Establishment of their Institutions to the present time, have been selected as the presentation prints to the Subscribers; and for the management of the general business of the German Art Unions in Great Britain; and they beg to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry of England, Ireland, and Scotland, that from Mr. HERING can be obtained every information respecting their Institutions, and that to him all communications are to be addressed.

Mr. HENRY HERING, in pursuance of the Resolutions of the Councils of the German Art Unions, has the honour to intimate to the Nobility and Gentry, the Lovers and Patrons of Art in the United Kingdom, that he has just returned from Germany, whither he had proceeded upon a mission connected with the British Agency for these Associations, and that he has accepted at the hands of the Council the trust they have been pleased to confide to him in undertaking the management of their business in this Country, and that, for the furtherance of this object, he has established an Office at No. 9, NEWMAN-STREET, for the express purposes of the Institution, where will be exhibited daily, from Two o'clock till Six, Specimens of the Engravings which have been published by the Unions and presented to the Subscribers from year to year, and where books are opened for the Names of Subscribers in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Correct Translations from the German of the Prospectuses issued by each of the Unions, viz. Berlin, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Munich, and Frankfurt, will be also registered for inspection, the main features of each of which so neatly assimilate to each other and to those which form the groundwork and management of the English Association, that to reprint and circulate them in detail would incur an unnecessary expense to the Proprietor, and entail a troublesome task upon the reader. It may suffice to say, that the general Rules for the conduct of such Societies in all their subdivisions of Management, Correspondence, and Finance, have been adhered to. Probably the only essential particular in which the Unions of Germany differ from that of England, is the manner in which a selection is made of the Pictures which are to form the Prizes. In England, this important point is left to the discretion of the fortunate holder of a Prize Ticket, giving him a latitude of choice from among a number of productions, good and bad; whereas in the German Associations one principal object is kept in view—that of improving the Public Taste, by delegating to a competent Committee of known judgment, Twelve in number, the choice and selection of such Pictures as will form the Prizes. A double advantage is thus gained; no encouragement is given to inferior productions of Art, nor is the public taste left without some guidance by Professors of acknowledged experience in Art.

It is further intended, that if the amount of the Subscriptions in England shall realize the expectations of the Council, a Gallery shall be opened for Two Months in each year in London, for the reception and exhibition of all the Pictures that will form the Prizes at the next ensuing distribution, to which exhibition free access will be given to every holder of a Ticket.

A liberal proportion of Tickets will be appropriated by the Councils of the several Unions for disposal to the British Subscribers, each of which Tickets will bear the Signature of the accredited Officers of the Institutions, and may be countersigned by Mr. HERING as their Agent.

The price of the Subscription Tickets is either of the Associations, viz. Berlin, Düsseldorf, or Dresden, will be each, which sum will cover every expense of Postage, Duty, Freight, and Delivery at the Repository in Newman-street, of the Prizes that may be awarded, and also of the Engraving which will be presented to the holder of each Ticket.

The price of each Ticket to be paid in advance, for which a Receipt Ticket will be given, which Ticket will entitle the holder to all the advantages of the Institution to which it appertains.

For the convenience of Subscribers residing at a distance, share Tickets will be forwarded in course of Post, upon the Receipt of a Cash Order, payable in London, or a Post Office Order, or a crossed Cheque.

Each Subscriber will be entitled to one copy of the Annual Presentation Engraving, from the date, and during the continuance, of his Subscription, which will be delivered within from One to Three Months after the close of every drawing; and a Subscriber for more than one Share will be entitled to one Proof, and also to be at liberty to purchase the rate of 20s. each, an impression of any one of the Engravings that have been already distributed.

One Month's Notice will be given in the Daily Journals of the intended day of appropriation of the Prizes in each Union; and it is Mr. HERING's intention to proceed to Germany in order to be present at the Drawing, and to represent the interest of every one who has, through his Agency, subscribed to these Institutions.

A similar Notice will also be given of the latest day on which Subscriptions can be received, after which the List for that Year will be closed, and the numbers forwarded to the various Committees of Management.

Mr. HERING begs most respectfully to assure all who may honour him with their Names as Subscribers to the German Art Unions, that the utmost endeavours shall be exerted by him to protect their interests, and to prove himself worthy of their confidence.

GERMAN REPOSITORY OF ART,

9, NEWMAN-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

The Annual General Meeting of this excellent Institution took place on Wednesday at the London Tavern. T. Lamie Murray, Esq., took the chair shortly after 1 o'clock. The advertisement calling the meeting was then read. The following report was also read:—

"THIRD ANNUAL REPORT, MAY 11, 1842.

"The directors have again, for the third time since the institution of the society, to express their satisfaction in meeting the proprietors on the occasion of the annual meeting. In the number of new policies the society has not made so great a progress during the past as in the preceding years. In respect it has not been singular. The severe and continued pressure experienced throughout every department of productive industry has unquestionably diminished the means and with it the facilities of the community, and in consequence the security of future provision afforded by life assurance has in the general embarrassment been to a considerable extent neglected. Notwithstanding this severe pressure, which has so generally affected the business of life assurance, the directors have to congratulate the proprietors that it has not fallen on this society with unequal force, the number of policies issued by the society having now augmented from 1,220 in the year 1840, to 1,775 at the close of 1841, and to 1,890 at the present period.

"At the next general meeting, and afterwards annually, as provided for in the deed of settlement, it will be the duty of the directors to lay before the proprietors the result of the mathematical investigation into the affairs of the society which will take place at the close of the present year, with a view of making such division of profits as may be justly due to the policy holders as proprietors as the result will justify.

"In carrying out this object, the directors will take care to discriminate between the several interests involved, so as to render equitable to all an arbitrary partition of such of the profits of the first institution of the society shall not fall exclusively on those who will be entitled to share in its general prosperity.

"The mathematical distribution of the annual sum of profits amongst the assured, instead of a septennial, or even longer interval of division adopted by other assurance-offices, were foreseen and anticipated by the directors, and the appropriation of the profits, which all who are assured have a right to share, and which, where the division of profits is protracted, falls by chance on those policy-holders only who have survived to claim the profits, is the part of the business of those whose policies have become claims during the long interval of division, while, at the same time, it is so deceptive in the apparent or real result of the policy, that it is a source of trouble, that in all the other insurance companies, the directors are assured, tend largely to increase the public confidence and favour towards the society, and to the policy holders, as the policy holders of the proprietors of the guarantee capital, as the third of the profits reserved for them, in addition to the five per cent. per annum, will reach them annually.

"It affords the directors much gratification at this early period—the fourth year since the commencement of the society—to refer the proprietors to its advanced position, which, in respect to increased business and the security afforded in the number of its policies, is enabled to take its rank amongst those of much older origin and undoubted security.

"Another source of satisfaction to the proprietors is in the fact that the sum assured by the society the actual has been less than the expected mortality, and which affords the best proof of carefulness in the selection of lives.

"The sums assured by the society, when claims are admitted, have been 12,984, 12s., while the sum expected, according to the tables, would have amounted to 19,000.

"The former amount is now augmented by the sum of 3,000, caused by the accidental death of an otherwise healthy member.

"The arrangement recommended by the directors in their report of last year respecting the conversion of the capital of the society into 200 shares has been effected, with the exception only of 1,100 shares in the hands of proprietors whose residences are not easily accessible.

"This object being nearly accomplished, has enabled the directors to settle the account of preliminary expenses under the deed of settlement.

"The business to be transacted at the present meeting is the election of four directors in lieu of John Griffith Frith, Hunter Gordon, John Rawson, and John Riddle Stodart, Esqs., whose period of office has expired, all of whom are eligible to be re-elected, and offer the services of the society with the exception of two auditors in place of Professor Wheatstone, F.R.S., and Professor Graves, A.M. F.R.S., whose term of office has expired, and who are also re-eligible.

LAMIE MURRAY, Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN rose to address the meeting. Since no proprietor seemed to be dissatisfied with the report of the affairs of the Company which had been laid before them, there was very little for him to say. The directors had very candidly referred to the state of industrial embarrassment that had prevailed during the past year, and for a much longer period, as tending to decrease the means of the community to effect life assurance. He would, however, say this for themselves, that the whole subject connected with life assurances, its influence upon the public mind, and its progress among the several classes of the community, had been very closely watched by the gentlemen composing the direction of the Society. This was natural to all those who had, like themselves, started with new principles, and the subject of life assurance was with them regarded with much interest. They might take credit to themselves for having largely increased in the public estimation the importance of security for the future by means of life assurance; if they looked to facts, they would find that, since the institution of the National Loan Fund Society, little better than some four years ago, nearly forty offices had been established by a kind of impetus, the consequence of the publications of the National Loan Fund, and the pains taken by the Society to disseminate its principles. Notwithstanding the numerous competitors the Society had to contend with, it was a great source of satisfaction to the directors to observe the elevated position in which the National Loan Fund Society was placed, and the great confidence that was given to it by the public. Any person acquainted with the calculations would say that an office which had been able, within a period not longer than four years, to issue 1,890 policies, had arrived at as high a point of security as could be desired. All that was required in the calculations of life assurance was such a number of policies as would earn an average, and this had been fully attained by the Society. He was ready to admit that the business had not been so extensive this year as in former ones, but the average of the whole years had been greater than the success ever attained by any other life assurance institution previously

established. He thought, with these observations on the part of himself and the directors, the meeting would agree with him, that he had very little more to say. It was not their business to praise themselves, their only object being to call the attention of the proprietors to the principles of the society, and to pray them to extend them as much as possible in obtaining new members and new insurances. The directors would be happy to listen to any gentleman who was anxious to make any observations upon the report.

Mr. M. YOUNG said, he had very great pleasure in moving that the report be adopted. He felt extreme pleasure in being connected with this Society. Having had much to do with its origin, and being convinced of its great utility, by the statements which the hon. chairman had laid before him, some four or five years ago, he had given the Society all the support which a public journal could give. (Hear, hear.) That support, however humble, was given on public principle, and public principle alone. (Hear.) It was gratifying to find, from the report, that notwithstanding the embarrassment that had prevailed throughout the country during the last year, the number of insurances had increased more than 50 per cent., while the liabilities were less by 33 per cent. than in the ordinary course of nature they would have been. (Hear, hear.) The object of this Society was one of interest to the public at large. Insurances were effected for the benefit of those who survived us; and he thought no man could lay out his money for better or more useful purposes, than by stimulating economy and good conduct in his own children through his own example. (Hear.) That this Society had applied a stimulus to other societies was a fact greatly in its favour. He was happy to hear that as many as forty similar societies were prospering, if not in the same ratio as the National Loan Fund, yet to an extent which afforded good promise of the future prospects of such institutions. With these feelings, he had great pleasure in moving that the report be adopted. He thought the directors deserved very great praise for their efficient conduct during the last four or five years; for, notwithstanding the general embarrassments in trade, and among persons disposed to insure their lives, yet the Society had continued to prosper under their able management and sound discretion. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. W. STUDLEY said, he felt very great satisfaction in seconding the resolution. He had only been connected with the Society for a short time; but, feeling convinced that it had already succeeded beyond all reasonable expectation, he had been led by that conviction to double his interest in it. (Hear, hear.) That, he thought, was the best proof he could possibly give of his confidence in the future prosperity of the Society. (Hear, hear.)

The CHAIRMAN said, before the resolution was put, he wished to mention that, in the next year, it would be their business to make a division of profits. The proprietors were aware that one-third of the profits would reach them, and, considering the large capital that was now guaranteed to the policy-holders, one-third of the profits would not be considered extravagant. He was quite sure, however, that it would be sufficiently large for all the risk which the proprietors had run. The risk in reality which a proprietor in a life insurance-office incurred existed only in its first institution. After the policies had accumulated, there was no investment which was equally secure; there was scarcely any investment which was equally profitable. The division of profits would occur annually. The shareholders who were entitled under the deed of settlement to five per cent. interest upon their capital, would also receive annually afterwards their share of the profits in addition. He trusted that at the next meeting the directors would be able to show that they had not laboured in vain during the previous five years. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN then put the question, that the report be received and adopted, which was carried unanimously.

The CHAIRMAN then stated, that the next business of the meeting would be to elect four directors in the room of those who went out of office by rotation. The names of those four gentlemen were, John Griffith Frith, Hunter Gordon, John Rawson, and John Riddle Stodart, Esqs. The principle of the office was, that directors went out every two years. These gentlemen were all candidates for the office, and if it were the pleasure of the meeting to re-elect them, he would put the question.

The CHAIRMAN then put the question, that the four directors be re-elected, and declared it to be carried unanimously.

Professor Wheatstone, F.R.S., and Professor Graves, A.M., F.R.S., were respectively re-elected as auditors.

A PROPRIETOR wished to ask the chairman if he had any objection to state the amount of the income of the Society during the last year?

The CHAIRMAN said, it was about 25,000l. per annum, but they were so near making their mathematical statement, that they thought it unnecessary to give the amount in the report. The Society had done a great deal of business in connexion with money lending. They had published two tables, A. and B., which were favourable for loans for short periods, not only loans which they made themselves, but loans which were made unconnected with them. The sums which had been received on those policies which were now lapsed and become extinct amounted to about 7,000l. There were many other things which might have been stated, but the directors had confined themselves to those points only which they considered necessary. At the same time, he would be most happy to answer any question which might be put by the meeting.

No proprietor intimating a wish to put any question to the chair,—

Mr. HINTON moved a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors.

The motion having been seconded,

The CHAIRMAN returned thanks on behalf of himself and the other directors. He hoped that they would be found worthy of the trust which had been reposed in them. They would do all in their power to make the Society prosperous, and to manage its business with care, vigilance, and honesty. (Cheers.)—The meeting then separated.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1842.

REVIEWS

American Antiquities, and Researches into the Origin and History of the Red Race. By Alexander W. Bradford. New York, Dayton & Saxton; London, Wiley & Putnam.

Few subjects are more suggestive of speculation than that which Mr. Bradford has here brought under consideration. In tangled forests, which have been impervious for generations,—on the prairies, which, for ages beyond memory, have been tenanted only by wild beasts, and rarely visited even by the hunter,—among tribes sunk into the rudest forms of barbarism, decisive evidences have been found of a former state of civilization, the ruins of cities, roads, aqueducts, temples, and tombs. The axe of the woodman opening a passage for the onward march of civilization reveals that the path has been trodden before by the intelligent; the plough, which the settler drives through what is apparently a virgin soil, turns up fragments of pottery, metallurgy, and sculpture; the impress of past science, law, and religion existing in the midst of mental and moral degradation. Has some convulsion of nature swept from the earth whole nations of a rich, numerous, and cultivated people? Did they die suddenly and make no sign? Have the wasting powers of pestilence or the still more destructive ravages of war annihilated the wise to make room for the barbarous? Or did slow and gradual decay sap the foundations of the social system, until the crumbling elements of civilization finally resolved themselves into the constituents of savage life? Such are the problems in the History of Society which Mr. Bradford has undertaken to investigate.

Two very distinct classes of remains are found in America, differing essentially in character, style and importance. The one consists of works, which may have been the production of an uncivilized race, possessing a considerable share of manual dexterity, such as implements of warfare and domestic use, ornaments, rude inscriptions, and the coarse symbolical representations employed by most aboriginal nations. To these may, perhaps, be added barrows or tumuli of earth, erected over the victims of a battle, or designed to form the common sepulchre of a tribe. These are all rude in their character, they are found near the surface, and the sepulchral mounds are heaps of earth, exhibiting little or no trace of masonry. The second class of American remains are thought to bear evident marks of an origin from nations of great cultivation. Taking first the articles of mechanical workmanship discovered in graves, mounds and mural remains, the specimens of ancient American pottery offer themselves to our notice. Pottery is probably one of the oldest arts; fragile as its productions are, they have resisted the effects of time more durably than the most massive structures; the vases of Etruria have outlived its temples, the earthenware of the Babylonians has survived the palaces of Semiramis and Belshazzar: the fable of the two pots is reversed in antiquarian research: the weak earthen vessel has floated safely down the stream of time, while the gold or the iron has disappeared. Pottery, therefore, to some extent, affords an element of comparison between the American remains and those of the old world, by which we may obtain grounds for at least plausible conjecture respecting the state of the arts among this lost or forgotten people. The following description of some of the specimens discovered, shows that one art at least had made considerable progress:

"An earthen vessel found at Nashville, Tennessee, twenty feet below the surface, is described as being

circular, with a flat bottom rounding upwards, and terminating at the summit in the figure of a female head. The features of the face are Asiatic, the head is covered by a conical cap, and the ears are large, extending as low as the chin. The most curious specimen of pottery is that denominated the *Triune-vessel*, which was disinterred from the earth, near an ancient work upon the Cumberland river. It consists of three heads, joined together at the back, near the top, by a hollow stem or bottle. The heads are of the same dimensions, and represent very accurately three different countenances, two appearing young and the other old. The faces are partly painted with red and yellow, the colours still preserving great brilliancy. The features are distinguished by thick lips, high cheek-bones, the absence of a beard, and the pointed shape of the head. An idol discovered in a tumulus at Nashville presents the figure of a man without arms, and the nose and chin mutilated. The head is covered with a fillet and cake, and the hair is plaited:—The composition is of fine clay mixed with gypsum. Coloured medals representing the sun with its rays, other idols of various forms, and urns containing calcined human bones, some modelled after the most elegant and graceful patterns, have been found in the mounds. The fragments of earthenware, discovered at great depths near the western salt-works, are often of immense size. A large vessel, of coarse description, has been found there, eighty feet below the surface, of capacity to hold ten gallons; while others have been excavated at greater depths, and of larger dimensions. Within a mound lately opened at Lancaster, in Ohio, upon a furnace disposed at the level of the earth, there rested the largest ancient vessel yet discovered. It was eighteen feet long, six broad, composed of clay and broken shells, and moulded on both sides with much smoothness."

Let us now see what advance this unknown people had made in sculpture:—

"The art of working in stone, and other hard substances, was carried to a considerable degree of perfection by this people; and beads of bone and shell, carved bones, and hewn and sculptured stones are by no means rare. Their weapons and implements were often formed from the oldest and hardest of rocks; and arrow-heads, axes and hatchets of granite, and hornblende, nicely cut and polished, are of frequent occurrence. The covers of some of the urns are composed of calcareous breccia, skilfully wrought; the pieces of stone worn as ornaments, and found interred with the dead, have been drilled and worked into precise shapes, and the pipe-bowls are adorned with beautifully carved reliefs. An idol of stone, representing the human features, has been found at Natchez, the sculptured head and beak of a rapacious bird in a mound at Cincinnati, and an owl carved in stone at Columbus, Ohio. The most singular of these sculptures has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, near St. Louis. This is a tabular mass of limestone bearing the impression of two human feet. The rock is a compact limestone of grayish-blue colour, containing the encrinure, echinite, and other fossils. The feet are quite flattened, but the muscular marks are delineated with great precision. Immediately before the feet lies a scroll, sculptured in a similar style."

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"Many metallic remains have also been discovered among the ancient ruins, some quite perfect, and others in a state of decomposition. Copper appears to have been in the most general use. It has been found in the mounds, either in irregular masses or worked into various forms, and sometimes plated with silver. Arrow-heads, bracelets, circular plates or medals, beads, a cross, and pipe-bowls, all composed of this metal, have been disinterred from the tumuli. One of the ancient mounds at Marietta, Ohio, was situated on the margin of a stream, which had gradually washed away the surrounding soil and part of the structure itself, when a silver cup was observed in the side of the mound. Its form was extremely simple, and resembled some of the earthenware patterns, being an inverted cone. It consisted of solid silver, its surfaces were smooth and regular, and its interior was finely gilded."

Among the Egyptian antiquities, there are, perhaps, none which afford more decisive proofs

of the civilization of the people of the Pharaohs, than the contrivances for securing the elegancies of domestic life, the varieties of female ornament, and the elaborate apparatus of the toilette. A recent discovery has shown that the ladies of ancient America were not without their share of the refinements bestowed by civilized life:—

"Within the saltpetre cave in Warren county, Tennessee, two bodies have been discovered, interred in a sitting posture in baskets made of cane, the hip joints dislocated, and the legs brought up close to the body. One of them was a male and the other a female. Great care had manifestly been taken to secure them a durable preservation, and at the period of discovery the flesh, teeth, hair and nails were still entire. They were enveloped in dressed deer-skins, and in a species of cloth, of firm texture, woven from the fibres of the nettle, or from bark, and overlaid with the most brilliant feathers of various hues, symmetrically arranged; another covering, of undressed deer-skin, succeeded, and the exterior wrapper was cloth of the same kind, but unornamented. The female had a fan in her hand, composed of turkey feathers so disposed, that it might be opened and closed."

To the mural remains of this ancient race we formerly directed attention (*Athen.* No. 639); we shall only add the following description of what appears a ruined town, to the accounts which, on that occasion, we collected from Delafield and Humboldt:—

"In the town of Jefferson, west from Milwaukee, on the west branch of Rock river, are the ruins of an extensive walled city, with a number of mounds or tumuli in the immediate vicinity. The form of that part examined is oblong, and its area is surrounded with the dilapidated remains of a brick wall, one quarter of a mile in extent, and now crumbled to the earth. The brick appears to be like that made at the present day, with the exception of its possessing a lighter colour, and the wall is covered with vegetable matter, and completely overgrown with verdure. Its remains are now twenty-three feet wide at the base, and four or five high, the wall having originally been much higher and narrower, but being now spread out by decay; the vestiges of buttresses projecting, at regular intervals, seventeen feet beyond its line, are still perceptible. At the north-west and south-west corners of the enclosure, upon the exterior, are two semicircular groups of mounds, their respective heights varying from three to twenty-five feet; at the same corners, on the inner side of the enclosure, are two square elevated plains or terraces, fifteen feet high, one of them accessible by a stairway. Upon the eastern side, towards the margin of the river, two other terraces appear; and about the middle of the eastern wall, at the water's edge, is the termination of a sewer, three feet below the surface, and arched with stone. An elevated ridge of earth connecting two of the terraces, parallel walls running north and south through the interior of the fort, and the remains of a cellar, complete the description of these interesting ruins so far as they have yet been examined."

Mr. Bradford has bestowed considerable attention on the tumuli, or barrows, and has carefully distinguished those which may possibly belong to the present Red race, from those which bear marks of higher antiquity, and a superior civilization. We take one extract from his description of the latter, commencing with the account of that discovered at Cincinnati:—

"Its oval figure and correspondence with the cardinal points, evince the advancement in knowledge of its architects, which conclusion is not disproved by the character of its contents. These, besides articles of jasper, crystal, coal, and carved bones, consisted also of beads; lead, copper, and mica plates; marine shells of the genus *buccinum*, cut into domestic utensils, and the sculptured representation of the head of a voracious bird; while, as in the mounds before described, human bones appeared, some enclosed in coffins of stone, but all embedded in ashes and charcoal, the unflinching signs of the burning of the deceased. * * Nine miles south-east from Lancaster, in Fairfield county, Ohio, stood a mound one

hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and fifteen feet in height. Upon examination, there was found at a level corresponding with the surface of the earth, a furnace of unheated stone eighteen feet long, six wide, and one and a half high, having a stone apparently shaped with some instrument closing the mouth. Upon this furnace was placed a vessel of the same dimensions, two feet deep, and half an inch thick, made of earthenware, perfectly smooth, and well moulded; and underneath was a thick layer of ashes and charcoal, while the bottom of the vessel, from its appearance, had evidently been subjected to the action of heat. This huge caldron contained twelve human skeletons, of various size and age: around the neck of one of the children were beads of muscle shell, a piece of cane, entire shells, arrows, and a curiously wrought stone. Near Newark, Ohio, is a conical stone tumulus, forty feet high, and with a base one hundred feet in diameter. The tumulus described as ninety feet high, at Circleville, stood on an eminence which also appeared to be artificial. It contained an immense number of human skeletons, of every size and age, all laid horizontally, with their heads towards the centre, and feet towards the outside of the mound. Stone axes, knives, and various ornaments were found deposited, generally near the head of every individual. A mound formerly stood near the middle of the town of Chillicothe, fifteen feet high, and sixty feet in diameter. Human bones occurred in various parts, on its being levelled; and at the surface of the earth, on pieces of bark, lay a single human skeleton, covered with a mat; on its breast was an oblong stone ornament perforated with two holes, by which it was connected with a string of bone beads, and a piece of copper in the shape of a cross."

The selections we have made from the mass of evidence collected by Mr. Bradford, afford sufficient proof that there existed in America a civilized race, possessing greater intelligence, skill, and scientific knowledge, than any inhabitants of that country, when it was first discovered by Europeans. Furthermore, there is an identity in the character of all these remains, indicating a community of origin, if not from the same nation, at least from different branches of the same people. Mr. Bradford's next object is, to determine their extent and locality:—

"These ruins extend over a wide district of territory: commencing in the state of New York, and stretching along the western line of the Alleghanies, at the south they bend eastwardly through Georgia, and are terminated only by the ocean in the southernmost part of Florida. At the west, we find them in great numbers upon the margins of all the western waters, reaching far up towards the sources of the Mississippi, and scattered along the banks of the Missouri, and of its branches, and thence down to the Gulf of Mexico and beyond the Red river towards Mexico, whither, although the line has not yet been accurately followed, they can probably be traced. Indeed, Mr. Brackenridge observes, that the distance from the large mound on the Red river to the nearest in New Spain is not so great, but that they might be considered as existing in the same country. It will be perceived, then, that at no point do they touch the Atlantic Ocean, except in Florida; that at the north and west, so far as discoveries have been made, they find a limit, and do not approach the colder regions, nor reach to the shores of the Pacific: while, on the other hand, at the south-west they range towards Mexico, and nearly in a direct and unbroken chain of conformity. That Florida was not the first seat of these nations, whence they were diffused towards the valley of the West, appears from the reflection, that among all nations the first extension of population has been along the shores of rivers and oceans. If Florida had been their first and original position, they would naturally have extended their settlements along the Atlantic frontier; but there we find no indications of their existence, and it would appear to be a just inference to suppose, that the course of migration has been from the great western valleys southwardly into Florida. At the south-west, however, we trace them towards Mexico; thither, then, so far as any indications exist in their locality and position, are we directed in the investigation of their origin."

With respect to the number of these monuments, it will be sufficient to state, on the authority of Mr. Brackenridge, that "upwards of 5,000 might be found, some of them enclosing more than a hundred acres;" and that Professor Rafinesque ascertained more than 500 ancient monuments in the state of Kentucky, and 1,400 out of it, most of which he had revisited, and surveyed personally.

In our review of Delafield, to which reference has been already made, we stated the evidence for the high antiquity of these monuments which Nature herself has furnished; but the full force of the argument cannot be more lucidly illustrated, than by citing the description given by the late President, Harrison, of the manner in which the forests are gradually restored to the soil, after its tillage is abandoned:—

"The process by which nature restores the forest to its original state, after being once cleared, is extremely slow. In our rich lands it is indeed soon covered again with timber; but the character of the growth is entirely different, and continues so through many generations of men. In several places on the Ohio, particularly upon the farm which I occupy, clearings were made in the first settlement, abandoned, and suffered to grow up. Some of them now to be seen, of nearly fifty years growth, have made so little progress toward attaining the appearance of the immediately contiguous forest, as to induce any man of reflection to determine, that at least ten times fifty years would be necessary, before its complete assimilation could be effected. The sites of the ancient works on the Ohio, present precisely the same appearance as the circumjacent forest. You find on them all that beautiful variety of trees, which give such unrivalled richness to the forests. This is particularly the case on the fifteen acres included within the walls of the work at the mouth of the Great Miami, and the relative proportions of the different kinds of timber are about the same. The first growth on the same kind of land once cleared, and then abandoned to nature, on the contrary is more homogeneous—often stunted to one or two, or at most three kinds of timber. If the ground has been cultivated, yellow locust in many places will spring up, as thick as garden peas. If it has not been cultivated, the black and white walnut will be the prevailing growth. The rapidity with which these trees grow for a time, smother the attempt of other kinds to vegetate and grow in their shade. The more thrifty individuals soon overtop the weaker of their own kind, which sicken and die. In this way there is only as many left as the earth will support to maturity.'... This state of things will not, however always continue.'... 'The preference of the soil for its first growth, ceases with its maturity. It admits of no succession upon the principles of legitimacy. The long undisputed masters of the forest, may be thinned by the lightning, the tempests, or by diseases peculiar to themselves; and whenever this is the case, one of the off-rejected of another family will find, between its decaying roots, shelter and appropriate food, and springing into vigorous growth, will soon push its green foliage to the skies, through the decayed and withered limbs of its blasted and dying adversary; the soil itself yielding it a more liberal support than any scion from the former occupants. It will easily be conceived what a length of time it will require for a denuded tract of land, by a process so slow, again to clothe itself with the amazing variety of foliage which is the characteristic of the forests of this region. Of what immense age then must be those works, so often referred to, covered, as has been supposed by those who have the best opportunity of examining them, with the second growth, after the ancient forest state had been regained.'"

In Mexico, the Spanish invaders found populous nations,—organized governments,—established systems of law and religion,—cities, temples, roads, arches, aqueducts, and other public works, seldom excelled in massiveness and grandeur. Yet in so short a period as 300 years, it has become the part of the antiquary to pore over the ruins of these monuments, as if to gather the history of an extinct people. The conquerors spared neither records nor monu-

ments, but fortunately the massive character of the latter defied the efforts of the destroyers. There were some of the idols in the city of Mexico, which, being unable to break, they deliberately buried in the earth; and it is a curious instance of the tenacity with which the native Mexicans have adhered to their old superstitions, that when one of those idols was recently disinterred, the Indians secretly, in the night time, crowned it with garlands of flowers. It is not necessary for us to add to the accounts of the monuments of Mexico, given in our notices of Delafield and Stephens; our attention must rather be directed to countries farther south. Both in Chili and Peru, mounds and monumental remains have been found, similar in character to those discovered in North America. One of them is thus described by Mr. Bradford, on the authority of Ruschenberger:—

"About a mile from the town of Arica is an extensive cemetery, situated upon the side of a hill. The graves are indicated by hillocks of upturned sand, and human bones with the dry flesh still adhering, scattered over the surface. They may be discovered by the hollow sound, consequent upon stamping on the ground where they are. 'The surface is covered over with sand, an inch or two deep; which being removed discovers a stratum of soil, three or four inches in thickness, that spreads all over the hill. Immediately beneath are found the bodies in graves or holes, not more than three feet in depth. The body was placed in a *squatting posture*, with the knees drawn up, and the hands applied to the sides of the head. The whole was enveloped in a coarse but close fabric, with stripes of red, which has withstood wonderfully the destroying effects of ages, for these interments were made before the conquest, though at what period is not known. A cord was passed about the neck on the outside of the covering, and in one case we found deposited upon the breast a small bag containing five little sticks, about two and a half inches long, tied in a bundle.' 'Several of the bodies which we exhumed were in a perfect state of preservation. We found the brain dwindled to a crumbling mass, about the size of a hen's egg, perhaps adipocere. The cavity of the chest was nearly empty, and the heart contained what seemed to be indurated blood, which cut with as much facility as rich cheese. The muscles were like hard smoked beef.' The same author (Ruschenberger) describes the graves at Santa, Santa Bay, south latitude eight degrees fifty-two minutes, as resembling those of Arica, but some of them apparently constructed with more care, being chambers about six feet deep and four in length, walled up on the sides with adobes."

Some of the earthenware vessels exhumed from these sepulchres are curious, and we are not aware that anything like them has been found in any other country:—

"One kind is composed of two hollow spheres, each about three inches in diameter,—connected by a small tube placed in the centre, and by a hollow arched handle above, having a hole on the upper side. 'If water be poured into this hole,' says Mr. Stevenson, 'until the jar is about half full, and the jar be then inclined, first to one side and then to the other, a whistling noise is produced. Sometimes a figure of a man stands on each jar, and the water is poured down an opening in its head, and by the same means the noise is occasioned. I saw one of these at the Carmelite nunnery at Quito, having two Indians upon it, carrying a corpse on their shoulders, laid on a hollow bier resembling a butcher's tray; when the jar was inclined backwards and forwards, a plaintive cry was heard, resembling that made by the Indians at a funeral. The jars and other utensils were of good clay, and well baked; which with the ingenious construction just alluded to, proves that the Indians were acquainted with the art of pottery."

On comparing the structures found in North America with those of Mexico and of the southern continent, it is observed that there is an identity in the architectural style, modified only by the nature of the material at the command of the workmen. Stone was wanting on the prairies and the great alluvial plains of the west,

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and the earthen mounds could not be expected to have the massiveness and regularity of the Mexican pyramids. Striking analogies can be traced between the religious usages,—so far as their nature can be inferred from temples, altars, and sacrificial implements—the mode of interment, the implements of war, and the domestic utensils employed in the North and South; and every new discovery affords fresh evidence of their general similarity. A striking fact in the history of Indian civilization, is the extensive diffusion and cultivation of the maize. In Massachusetts there was a clear and distinct tradition that it had been obtained "from the south-west," and in New York, it was said to be the gift of "the southern Indians, who received their seed from a people residing still farther south." On the other hand, the progress of the plant in South America can be traced in the very contrary direction. Other evidences might be accumulated, but this is sufficient to afford at least a presumption that in South America, improvement travelled from north to south, and in North America, from south to north—in other words, that the plains of Peru and of Mexico are the radiating points of the arts and civilization of the aboriginal population of the New World. The region which stretches from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, is a territory teeming with the vestiges of a people, rich in monuments, and abounding in proofs of an ancient and primitive population. But here also may be traced evidences of many national changes, revolutions, and migrations, with scarcely any elements by which the order of their succession may be determined. Mr. Bradford believes that the present American Indians are descended from the highly civilized race which has left such proofs of its greatness, founding his argument chiefly on the physiological analogies which Morton has pointed out in his 'Crania Americana.'

Next to determining the identity of the Red race with the aboriginal possessors of America, curiosity is excited to discover whether there are any analogies between that race and the inhabitants of the old continent. On this point, Mr. Bradford, instead of indulging in conjecture, has confined himself to the selection and arrangement of facts, leaving his readers to deduce their own conclusions. The result, however, is in favour of connexion between the American and Indo-Chinese nations, including some of the Mongolian tribes, and to throw doubts on the common theory, that America was peopled from Asia, through Behring's Straits.

We cannot take our leave of this work without expressing a hope that the government of the United States will adopt some measure for investigating and preserving the antiquities of the Red race. Three centuries have nearly annihilated the Indian tribes; the fire-water of the trader, and the rifle of the squatter have been equally fatal; and the march of colonization must soon bring the White men to the shores of the Pacific. In the progress of population, the mounds will probably be ploughed into shapeless masses, and the sepulchres be destroyed; the preservation of their memory at least should be regarded as a national duty at Washington. The late president, Mr. Harrison, had determined to propose a commission to examine the monuments, and collect the other antiquities into a national museum: let us hope that this portion of his policy may be adopted by his successor.

Rambles and Researches in Thuringian Saxony.
By J. F. Stanford, M.A. Parker.

Those who are acquainted with the ways of our English universities, are aware that there is no form of flippant conceit more disagreeable to the beholder, than that of the newly fledged Master of Arts, in whom the self-

satisfied sufficiency of graduated importance is deeply tinged with the slang of the *status pupillaris*. To those who never heard the rustle of the unworn silk gown, we should recommend this volume as affording a faint but faithful illustration of our meaning: and more especially that preliminary portion, which the author characteristically calls "a little twaddle by way of preface." The unreal mockery of this style of writing, scarcely excusable in writers of the highest talent, is for the most part adopted by persons of very slender claims; and is, indeed, alone sufficient to sink a work of much more buoyant character than the present.

With respect to matter, the volume is made up of three distinct parts; first, of forty-four pages of extracts from a journal; second, of about one hundred pages of memoirs of 'The Ducal Families of Saxe Coburg Gotha, from the Times of Ernest the Pious;' and lastly, of about an equal quantity of small talk in the form of letters from Thuringia. The leaven wherewith all this is leavened, is a transcript of certain letters from Frederick the Great, and Voltaire, to Louisa of Meiningen, Duchess of Gotha, "copied by permission from the Ducal Archives." Whether these letters have or have not been previously printed, we have not leisure to ascertain. In style and in thought, they so closely resemble the general correspondence of the parties, that they carry with them an air of great familiarity. The one circumstance notable in the letters of Frederick, is the frequent and gross sinning against French orthography, such as seems hardly possible in a person whose knowledge of the language was so largely derived from books. Such errors were, *à fortiori*, not to be expected in one who had dedicated so much time to the composition of French poetry. The fact seems to speak largely of royal roads to literature; and it gives a strong impression of the labour which Voltaire must have expended "in washing the king's dirty linen," and reducing his poetry into form. For the rest, the letters, both of the king and his chamberlain, are faithful transcripts of the respective writers' minds, reproducing the traits with which their general correspondence has made us familiar: they consequently add but little to our knowledge of those remarkable personages.

Considering the scene of these rambles, the reader will be prepared to meet with a good deal concerning Prince Albert; and this part of the work would have possessed some interest, had it been printed at the time when it was written. There are now, however, few persons who have much to learn on a subject that has become the gossip of the domestic hearth of the country. The author finds fault with some one, for publishing a fulsome account of this Prince's attainments; yet he, himself, quotes a French letter from Professor Millinet, which sets forth that "Prince Albert has received and profited by a thoroughly intellectual education. Speak to him in Latin, French, English, or Italian, and he will reply with facility in those languages. Talk of politics, jurisprudence, natural science, physics, chemistry, antiquities, archaeology, you will find him at home. He does not judge like an automaton, but like a judicious thinker. With all this the young Prince excels in all the fine arts: he is a painter, musician, loves and writes poetry, and dances like an angel, rides like a devil, swims like a dolphin, and skaits like a Dutch dandy."

After having transcribed this, and reproduced the greater part of it in his English text, Mr. Stanford had little cause to blame his brother flatterer for extravagance. The truth is well known that Prince Albert has received an excellent education, and has studied with advantage. When we say this, we mean a great deal more than is meant by the like phrase in its applica-

tion to England: we have no doubt that he is among the best instructed of European princes; and on that very account, he will assuredly dislike being paraded as an Admirable Crichton, either by Englishman or German.

A Journal of a Residence in the Esmailia of Abd-el-Kader: and of Travels in Morocco and Algiers. By Colonel Scott. Whittaker & Co.

At first sight, this journal appeared a treasure, the preciousness of which further acquaintance has somewhat lessened. We are too thankful to lay hands on a real picture-book, whether the writer be a Baltic lady, or a Central American gentleman, not to feel a little captious, when any work which we had expected might add one to so lively and welcome a series, turns out to be a piece of special pleading in lieu of lively description. Colonel Scott writes like an English soldier,—that is, with the dashing hand which a quick eye guides; but his power over the pen sometimes leads him into flippant flourishes, while his nationality is ever taking forms with which we cannot wholly sympathize. We may not agree with French policy; we need not recommend French morals for imitation; but to hate or to ridicule the French as a nation, is only to make the writer ridiculous *quoad* the intensity of his expression of such sentiments. The peculiar position and opinions of the writer, and the circumstances which led him to Africa, are sufficiently explained in the opening paragraphs of his preface.

"At the period that the 'Convenio of Vergara' took place, I was serving in the 18th Spanish Infantry, and in consequence of the articles of that treaty, by which the Carlist officers were incorporated into the regiments of Isabella II., it became impossible for any one who acted from principle, to remain under the command of those, who had supported the cause of despotism, and had in many instances been the inhuman and cold-blooded murderers of our friends and companions in arms. From wounds received I passed the Medical Board as unfit for service in the Infantry, and although, according to the Spanish Articles of War, I was entitled to be passed to a cavalry regiment, yet I declined solely for the above reasons, as I should have been equally under the command of my former antagonists. I therefore retired from the service, with the full intention of proceeding to Tegeademp to join the Emir Abd-el-Kader, whose glorious resistance against the united power of the French nation, inspired me with admiration, at that time only considering him in the light of an Arab chief."

Seeing occasion to decline active service, and having become (what he was, apparently, ere he left Madrid,) "a great admirer of his Royal Highness Abd-el-Kader's liberal policy," Col. Scott frankly declares that "his sole object in laying his journal before the public, is to vindicate the character of his Royal Highness the Emir, and clear it from the aspersions thrown upon it by the French papers;" and that his desire is to enlist British sympathies in his cause; and he concludes his preface by a Burleigh-like counsel to our mercurial neighbours across the Channel to give up the affair as a bad job, or prepare for the fate of the massacred Spanish legion, whose skulls may be seen kneaded into the wall of a tower at Gergi, in Tunis, even unto this day.

The partizan colour of the spy-glass being thus fairly shown to the reader, he shall now have leave to look through it without further molestation. It was on the 25th of February, 1840, that the Colonel left Gibraltar for Tetuan, (by him spelt *Tetaun*), a dirty town, with narrow streets, and whose most splendid buildings belong to the Jewish merchants, who fit up their houses in the Oriental style, and dress out their daughters as splendidly as Isaac of York in the days of Ivanhoe.

"Among the Jewesses are many good looking girls, but what most attracted my attention in these ladies, was their gold embroidered tunics, and sashes of various colours, richly woven with gold threads, or silver, according to the rank and wealth of the wearer. I must not forget to mention their earrings; one young lady, the daughter of the Jew who acts as French vice consul, had her ears decorated with a pair about the size of a quoit, and so weighty that she had to fasten them up with gold chains to the tiara. This is also an ornament which they pride themselves in having decorated with all kinds of precious stones, many thousand dollars are often expended on this peculiarly oriental and graceful head dress. Few wear stockings, but in lieu the lovely white ankle is surrounded by gold or silver anklets; and the small foot is placed in a red morocco slipper, which shows it off to the best advantage."

The Colonel made haste to leave Tetuan for Tegdempt, the capital of the Emir's dominions. For this purpose he joined a sort of caravan, the portraits of whose members he hits off pleasantly enough; but one of the party shall content us:

"An officer of the Emperor's service, named Abd-el-Cream, who accompanied us as a safeguard.—The individual was about five feet two inches in height, about fifty years old, and from the dilapidated state of his grinders, one would have been led to imagine that he had been masticating ship biscuit all his life, in lieu of koskouso; his face was weather beaten and wrinkled, and his form that of a bow. His dress, to commence from the feet upwards, consisted of a pair of yellow slippers, bare legs, a pair of wide blue trousers, brought in close below the knee, a white cotton shirt, in shape and make resembling a shift, the trousers and shirt being kept together by a red sash wound round the middle; over these came the haik, which is a fine woollen blanket, and is wrapped round the body, falling over the right shoulder, a white woollen cloak with a hood, and over all one of the same description, of superfine English blue cloth, completed his dress. The red high cap called 'fez,' is that which is worn by all the troops. My worthy friend's arms consisted of a sword encased in a leather scabbard, which, like Hudibras's, for want of fighting appeared to have grown rusty, and slung round the neck by a worsted cord: he had also a long angle barrelled Turkish gun, ornamented with ivory at the butt; this he took great pride in, and carefully kept in a blue cloth case."

The party donned "berouses and red caps" at the gate of exit, by way of safeguard against the insults of the Moors; and one old patriarch, among the many who came to see the caravan start, bespoke good luck for their errand in a long prayer. But though The Prophet be held in devout veneration, the memory of his mother is a matter of but small account; for the second day of the Colonel's journey conducted him past the burial place of Zummara-el-Asara, where a large yew-tree, surrounded by a wall about four feet high, is all that marks the spot; which, however, is considered so sacred, that the Jew, when on his way to Fez, is compelled to make a circuit of nearly a mile for its avoidance. Christians fare little better in this savage land than Israelites; and Col. Scott seems to be of opinion that had he not made early demonstrations of spirit, he would have been treated by his Arab attendants in but a sorry fashion. Some of the anecdotes, however, are calculated to leave a strange impression on the mind of the reader. For instance: Sig. Mannucci, Abd-el-Kader's *chargé d'affaires*, was lying in his tent, a young Spanish lady seated near him, when one of the Arabs called to his comrade with an impertinent remark.

"My friend, whom I have stated to be perfectly acquainted with the Arab language, immediately got up and gave him a box on the ear, this the Arab returned by a blow with a stick which he happened to have in his hand: Rafael, who saw his master struck, immediately drew forth his bayonet and wounded the Arab in three places, and would very soon have dispatched him à l'Espagnol, had not the by-standers separated them, taking the Arab into custody. The

officer put him in irons, and informed the tribe that unless Mr. M. released him, he should be under the necessity of conveying him as a prisoner to Fez to be dealt with according to the Emperor's pleasure. Shortly after, all the friends of the prisoner came, bringing with them presents of fowls, eggs, &c., praying that he might not be forwarded to Fez, alleging that the insult he had offered had been given inadvertently, as had he been aware of who we were, he would not have done so. We did not take their presents, but released him in the evening, having previously caused him to be punished by order of Abd-el-Cream with some fifty bastinadoes on the soles of the feet, the usual method of punishing in this country."

This seems to us rather hard measure upon an illiterate savage, for merely giving utterance to that opinion of Frankish customs, which must occur to every Mussulman, who holds woman's proper place to be behind the veils of the harem. The bastinadoes might, in the present state of affairs, have been discreetly administered; but the penalty inflicted by Rafael's bayonet ought, we think, to have sufficiently appeased the offended dignity of Mr. Mannucci.

The Colonel, who is familiar with France, Spain, Portugal, the greater part of South America, and Australia, found the country between Tetuan and Fez more rich and fertile than any he had seen,—"beautifully undulating hill and valley, capable in general of cultivation; but the whole affording the finest grazing land." But he describes the people to be little less barbarous than the New Zealanders:—they are given to thieving, highway robbery, and, of course, insult of the Franks. A party of the Emperor's cavalry, which they encountered, could hardly believe "in the sight of Christians in that part of the country."

"I was surprised to see a mountain at some distance, the side of which was perfectly white, whilst its summit was grey, imagining it to be snow; but my surprise was increased on finding that this phenomenon was caused by salt, this mountain being principally mines of rock salt, bare on the surface in some places to the extent of two or three hundred yards. We also passed a large river called the Milky River, which almost always runs with the force of a mountain torrent; it was now, at its lowest ebb, about twelve yards wide, but it was as much as the horses could do to stem the current. This river flows into the river Rio Salada, the most considerable on the east coast of Morocco, about sixty miles from the Spanish town of Mellilah. On a hill close to the river we passed several heaps of stones, denoting the graves, as our Capatras informed us, of those who had fallen in action with the robbers; the practice of raising these memento-mori prevails also in Spain, particularly in Andalusia, the customs of whose inhabitants still retain many traces of their ancient masters, the Moors. Many of the Andalusian families are descended from the Moors who turned Christians to avoid being expelled the kingdom by the edict of San Fernando, when upwards of eighty thousand were compelled to return to Barbary. On the east coast towards Tunis are still preserved the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain, to which country they still express the hopes of one day returning, and again planting the crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra, the last of the splendid seats of Moorish regal sway in Spain, and which still exists in a perfect state of preservation."

At Taasa the party made some sojourn. On arriving they were wretchedly lodged, until a box on the ear, administered to a few by M. Mannucci, obtained for them commodious apartments.

"Although the house they now procured for us was nothing of the most elegant, still, it was much superior to the first they had purposed allotting to us, and was the best to be had in the town; we soon installed ourselves *vi et armis* into two of the best rooms on the second story, turning out the family of our host into the worst of the three rooms, of which his house consisted. The first day of our arrival, the Sheiks, who had been ordered by the Governor to

furnish us with everything we required, brought us a pretty fair supper, and also breakfast the next morning; but there was a sad falling off in the dinner which they furnished on the second day. We put up with this for the night, in order not to go to bed supperless; but sent them word in the morning, that if they made their appearance again with a similar one, they would have the pleasure of being thrown over the balcony. We purchased such provisions as we required for the day, in the market, at the same time wrote to the Governor that we would inform Hadgi Taleb of the neglect which had been shown us, and the little attention paid to the imperial orders. This had the desired effect; as the Kaid, being aware that a complaint of this nature would not only endanger his situation, but most probably he would also have to pay a considerable fine, sent his secretary to beg that this step might not be taken, and requesting that, to avoid any complaint in future, we would send every morning a note of what we wished for, and it should be attended to; and if the Jews failed in doing so, to inform him of the circumstance, when he would take such steps with them as to prevent any future failure on their part. Henceforward every thing was sent us in abundance: fowls, eggs, mutton, *agua ardiente* (which is made by the Jews from raisins and figs), and even tobacco, were supplied gratis."

There is a touch here of the Dalgetty mode of making a soldier's self comfortable; but we are aggrieved at English officers partaking in these ear-boxing and balcony-throwing expedients. The French—the Colonel's bugbears—could hardly be more peremptory! A few pages later we find our pugnacious author getting into another scrape, by beating a Moor with a stick which he had prepared for the purpose, and then availing himself of high protection to make good his quarrel. Again, this sensitive upholder of the rights of European females, tempted a Zulika and a Sabia to visit his party, though the offence of being seen to speak to a Christian caused the former to be locked up on bread and water for a week. There are different ways of travelling—even in lands where raw fish is the holiday food, and a string of beads *very* full dress!

Other Taasa adventures, and affronts given, shall not detain us, though, possibly, the Colonel's sojourn in that town is not the least amusing part of his book. Tlemecen, with its manufactory of cannon, and its antiquarian remains, was another halting place. The former "lion" is under the direction of a Spaniard, who insisted upon Abd-el-Kader sending to Oran for a partner to console him in his seclusion; and, thus amused and paid at the rate of twelve shillings and sixpence a day, besides house rent, provisions, and *agua ardiente*, manufactures gun merrily, to the discomfiture of the French, and the Colonel's great contentment.

Making another skip, we arrive at once in Tegdempt, where the Colonel awaited his presentation to his Royal Highness Abd-el-Kader, and nearly fethered with the French army, under the Dukes D'Aumale and De Joinville. The portrait of the former will be a more welcome novelty to the reader, than Colonel Scott's jokes on the prowess of the Gallic host.

"We left our friend the Agn in the afternoon, but did not reach the Esmailia till the morning of the 6th, when we had the satisfaction to find that His Royal Highness had arrived before us. Having put ourselves in visiting order, we proceeded to have an interview with him. He received us in the Treasurer's tent, after performing the ceremony of touching his hand and kissing our own; a custom I like much better than that of kissing the hand of another, although it be that of a fair lady,—even the *once* beautiful Christina,—the only European sovereign to whom I had the honour of paying this homage. His Highness received Mr. M. as an old friend, begging us to seat ourselves alongside him. He expressed his high esteem for the nation to which I belonged, and his pleasure at my safe arrival. After a long conversation, it was determined that my services would be most effectual to His Highness by remaining at

the Esmaïlia, where information was sent from all quarters, and I could be enabled to judge better of the plan to be adopted for the organization, &c. of his regular forces, by becoming acquainted with the actual state of affairs in his kingdom, as well military as civil. Among the most distinguished of the Mahomedan faith in the present day are ranked Mehemet Ali and the Emir, Abd-el-Kader; and the former, from the continued intercourse with his territory, is generally known, whilst the latter is comparatively unknown, from the difficulty which exists in travelling through the empire of Morocco. The circumstance of his having been enabled to make head for so long a time against the powerful armies and superior tactics of so enlightened a nation as the French, must convince every one at all conversant in military affairs, that in him are united no common degree of military talent, as well as political judgment. This Prince is descended from one of the most ancient families in Arabia; his ancestors, ere the times of the Romans, reigned in the territory. His Highness is about five feet seven inches in height, fair complexion, light blue eyes, oval features, and a countenance at the same time indicating intellect and benignity. He possesses a most strong natural talent, and a coolness in judgment and action, which render him capable of conceiving and executing the most difficult enterprises. Had he been favoured with the education of Napoleon, he would have become his rival in the pages of history. His dress is similar to that worn by most of the Arab Chiefs: a white bernous, with large silk tassels on the hood and in front; over which is placed the black bernous, made of camel's hair. The common cord of black or white camel's hair, wreathed in several folds round the head of the white bernous, denotes the religion to which he belongs. Few turbans are worn here; but those of the blood of the prophet have a green cord, in lieu of the white or black ones worn indiscriminately by all the Faithful. By them he is looked up to, as the defender of their religion, and consequently as the chief of the Holy War; in which light, the present contest with the French is considered by the whole of Arabia, and I may say by all believers in the prophet."

A few insulated passages may be worth quoting.

"About twelve at night a shot was fired from the Sultan's tent; this is the signal given when a courier arrives from the Emir. I heard from the sound that it was ball-cartridge, but as they are noways particular whether they fire with ball or blank, the circumstance did not strike me as anything extraordinary; however, on getting up I found that an Arab of the desert had been wounded by one of the Sultan's black slaves, within the abattis of branches of trees which surrounds the tent occupied by the Sultan's wife. He was brought before the *priy* council in the morning, and it appeared from his statement that he had first come to our tents, when finding us on the alert, he had gone to that of the treasury; having failed in that attempt he with four others who accompanied him retired till midnight, when they made an essay on the Sultan's tents: he stated that his intention was not to rob that where the Sultan's family were, but one alongside it; adding, with the greatest *sang froid*, 'What an unlucky dog I am!' At the burning of Tegedempt my comrades and myself robbed everything that came to our hands without molestation; but now it appears that my time has arrived. I saw the black dog, but in the dark as he had on a black bernous I thought he was a *jackass*, more particularly as he was on all fours, and had no suspicion of him, till he pulled the trigger and I fell.' He was condemned to be hung, and the sentence remitted for the approval of His Highness. * * On the 23rd, the robber who was taken on the 18th was executed in the *sala* or market-place of Tegedempt before an immense crowd of spectators. Two thousand dollars were offered by his tribe that his life might be spared, but without effect. Having said his creed, and remarked coolly that it was rather hard to die such a dog's death, he allowed the rope to be adjusted round his neck, and was hauled up to a post about eight feet high. After about two hours the body was taken down, and placed on its feet between two posts about three feet apart, and an arm tied to each of them, remaining there for several days as a terror to others. * *

"The servant woman of the Christians is washing their clothes at the river. Sabia, the speaker's daughter, a girl about eight years old, had taken a couple of shirts, but she hid them so badly that the *Kilb* saw them, and took them from her; she made a second attempt at a pair of stockings which she had succeeded in hiding in her *haik*, but part of one of them came in sight, and she was again discovered, the Christian dog now boxed her ears well. 'Poor girl,' said the other, 'she is young yet; with time she will become more expert, but you should beat her well every time she is found out, in order to render her more expert in her movements.' 'That I intended doing,' replied the mother, 'but she made up for her stupidity in some measure, by biting a lot of buttons off their shirts whilst they were drying; this, on my shirts being brought me, I found to be perfectly correct, as not one was left. * *

"In consequence of the French being so near, orders had been issued the night previous, by the Kaid and Muley Tijeb, that all the inhabitants of the town should be prepared for another visit to the desert, and that every one should stand to his arms. All those who were in the market had consequently their muskets *en bandoulière*,—slung across their backs; and it was fortunate they were thus provided. At about eight o'clock A.M. there were some two thousand Arabs in the *soto*. One of the tribe of El Harar seized a basket of shoes belonging to an inhabitant of the town, to break the ice, preparatory to a general sacking of the place, which had been planned, if they did not meet with a determined resistance in their first attempt on the market. Their plans, however, proved abortive; the Morocco merchant, on whom the first essay was made, proved that he could deal in other materials than leather, and drawing one of his pistols out of his breast, shot the Arab through the heart. A pell mell fight now commenced; shots were going off in all directions; and the row soon spreading into the town itself, the balls came whistling up and down the street *d' gusto*, as the Spaniards say. In this hubbub I stood like a fool, as one could not tell whom to shoot at; in a few minutes, however, the assailants began to draw themselves out of the mob, in order to make a retreat, and I now got my hand into play. Charging them with my friend Bash Tubji and his artillery-men, we drove them about half a mile from the town. They left seven dead, and we afterwards learned that upwards of fifty had been wounded. We did not deem it prudent to follow them up, under the present circumstances, but returned to town, when cavalry patrols were placed all round the immediate neighbourhood, and videttes on all the heights, to give notice in case they again came to the charge. We were now aware that five thousand of them were encamped about three leagues off, doubtless in expectation of assistance from their French friends. I thought this tribe stood a good chance of a *razia*; but they have now sealed their doom, and will, sooner or later, be left like those of Esdama. Over the latter tribe the storm had hung for a year before they felt the effects of it. They had imagined the Sultan had forgotten that they had been in communication with the French in 1840, when suddenly forty thousand dollars were demanded, and not being paid on the spot, a *razia* was made—the order and the troops arriving at the same time, the Emir, when he purposes a *razia*, giving as little notice as the French do. My friend Muley Tijeb was particularly alive also on this occasion, and showed himself of the true blood of Mahomet. His ataghan descended with such force on the head of an Arab who was running away, that it split his head in two, and he rolled a lifeless corpse upon the plain."

Here we conclude. Without the slightest intention of pronouncing an opinion on the merits of the Algerine war, we cannot but say that Col. Scott appears to have taken his side, and accordingly written his book, rather with the blind determination "to go to fight the French," than from any solemn convictions as to the right or wrong of a national quarrel.

POETRY.

POETRY is not, we believe, subject to any of the ordinary laws that regulate demand and supply, otherwise the statistics of publication would prove to

demonstration that this is a poetic age. For every quire of rhyme issued during the starry days of Byron, Scott, and Moore, there is now a ream. We drudge on like Ferdinand to "remove these logs," but with no sweet mistress to quicken what is dead, and make our labours pleasures; yet if we pause for a breathing time, we are overwhelmed with accumulations. For weeks have we been toiling at this hopeless, endless duty, disposing of the small volumes by twos and threes: yet there stands the pile higher than ever, and we must now arrange them under general heads—dispose of them by classes—by the dozen—or our labours will have no end. The fact is inexplicable—we have speculated on it till we are weary. So much has of late years been accomplished by all-sovereign steam—so much in our own particular department by the steam-press—that a suspicion has at times crossed our mind, that some ingenious mechanic has taught the latter to do double duty, to compose as well as print, and that these numberless volumes are the result: in brief, that we have now a Steam Poet as well as a Steam Press. Another hypothesis, however, seems more plausible. This, be it observed, is a philosophic age. All ideas must now be analyzed. The "coinage of the brain" will not pass current unless we know its value "in small change;" to us every shilling stands as a representative of forty-eight farthings, or as the secondary element of a pound; and when we rest in our analysis it is only to take breath for a new effort. Among our numberless *vezale* *questiones*, "What is Poetry?" is one which seems destined to remain debatable ground, and that too notwithstanding an able and somewhat confident exposition of the subject in a late number of the *British Review*. There is something about the "gentle craft" which escapes the microscope of modern utilitarianism. But as we are greatly assisted towards the definition of an idea by the limitation of its field, and much time has been wasted in discussing what Poetry is, it has perchance been thought more profitable to decide first, what it is *not*; and such may be the truly philosophic view taken by the nameless legion whose productions lie before us. Read by the light of this hypothesis, some interest attaches to these writings! Many of these ladies and gentlemen, whom we had before ignorantly supposed, like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, to be talking prose without knowing it, now take their place as active labourers in the mighty work of civilization, as the predestined developers of an idea—a negative one, it is true—but still pregnant with positive consequences! Never was the truth, that mere rhyme and rhythm are not poetry, more clearly demonstrated. It is not, however, granted to us to dwell at length on this flourishing department of our literature. The few who strive to give a *positive* solution to the question are far more in need of our advice and encouragement: and as we lately disposed of "The Uneducated" we shall this week grapple with some of the *Religious Poets*.

National Ballads, Patriotic and Protestant, by M. A. Stodart.—"And may the Lord Jesus Christ, whom Scriptural Popery seeks to lower and dishonour, and whom Scriptural Protestantism endeavours to honour and exalt, bless this feeble attempt in the cause of Truth against Error and Falsehood!"—This concluding invocation, from the author's preface, may serve as the reader's introduction to the spirit of the book. The volume is one of those disgraceful attempts to prostitute the Muse to the cause of sectarian rancour; to which, happily for both Truth and Poetry, the Muse never lends herself. All the old watchwords which, in darker days, were revered as the phylacteries of the British Constitution, and formed an eminent portion of "the wisdom of" some of "our ancestors," are here as confidently and authoritatively repeated as if education had not desecrated them, and they were still "spells to conjure with." For such teaching as this volume offers, there is a daily decreasing public; and no Muse sits by the fountain which yields such polluted waters. Time has been when such books might have done their small part towards lighting the Fires of Smithfield—a consideration which, opportunely, suggests a use to which this volume may be turned in any household to which, by chance, it has, unhappily, obtained admission.

Ecclesia, by the Rev. R. S. Hawker.—This volume is written in a spirit far different from the last, and, consequently, with far more of poetic success. The

author is the Vicar of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, and the scenes and incidents of his ministrations are here poetically "improved," in a manner religious—and, therefore, tolerant and tender. The writer has his own religious fastnesses to defend, and he does not abandon them; but neither does he use them as strongholds from whence to hurl spiritual destruction on others. The notion of a minister of religion, in a country peculiarly wild and picturesque, taking its striking features for his witnesses and interpreters in the promulgation of truth—writing his scripture texts, as it were, on its great natural monuments, and introducing them into its traditions—is one at once Christian and Poetical; and the Christianity and the Poetry enforce each other. The Vicar of Morwenstow has adopted his plan from a great exemplar—THE GREATEST—and has caught the spirit of his teaching at the same source. The Silent Tower of Botreaux is a good example of the author's manner of illustrating the legends of the country; and the reader will observe that the wild spirit of the tradition has infused itself into the poem that records it, and the Bells of Tintadgel seem ringing through the verse which is modulated to their measure.

The Silent Tower of Botreaux.

Tintadgel bells ring o'er the tide!
The boy leans on his vessel-side,—
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith their pealing chime:
"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
"Come to thy God at last!"
But why are Botreaux' echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill:
Yet strange though that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
Come to thy God in time!
Should be her answering chime,—
Come to thy God at last!
Should echo on the blast.
The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored—
The merry Botreaux bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Rung out Tintadgel chime—
"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
"Come to thy God at last!"
The Pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells;
"Thank God!" with reverent bow, he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide!"
Come to thy God in time!
It was his marriage chime—
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell must ring at last!
Thank God, thou whining knave, on land!
But thank, at sea, the Steersman's hand,
The Captain's voice above the gale,—
Thank the good ship and ready sail!
Come to thy God in time!
Sad grew the hoding chime:
Come to thy God at last—
Boom'd heavy on the blast!
Uprose that sea! as if he heard
The mighty master's signal word!
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
Come to thy God in time!
Swung deep the funeral-chime—
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
Come to thy God at last!

Long did the rescued Pilot tell,
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep!
Come to thy God in time!
He read his native chime—
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell rung out at last!
Still, when the storm of Botreaux' waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells that sullen surges hide
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide,
Come to thy God in time!
Thus saith the Ocean chime—
Storm, billow, whirlwind past
Come to thy God at last.

To this characteristic specimen, we will add a short poem, of another kind, in illustration of a scripture-text—and then, commend the volume to our readers.

"Are they not all Ministering Spirits?"

We see them not—we cannot hear
The music of their wing—
Yet know we that they sojourn near,
The angels of the spring!
They glide along this lovely ground,
When the first violet grows—
Their graceful hands have just unbound
The zone of yonder rose!

I gather it for thy dear breast
From stain and shadow free,
That which an angel's touch hath blest
Is meet, my love, for thee!

The Fortunes of Faith, by T. H. Gill.—This, too, is a religious poem, of more elaborate workmanship and higher pretension than the two former—and having a purpose to which we may remark, as a general rule, poetry never lends itself effectively. The union between Church and State is the great wrong which our author writes to denounce, by arguments drawn from the history of religion in all times: but verse is not the weapon for controversy. The part which the imagination is supposed to take in all dealings with the Muse—the quality of a mental recreation, which, even amid its highest teachings, it derives from its form—deprive it of that earnest and authentic character which is necessary to the agent employed for the stern and serious enforcement of disputed truth. Against the Jerichos which the religious controversialist has to assail, the plain ram's-horn has often done good service where the silver trumpets have failed. The great masters of sacred verse have employed it for the illustration of religion,—not in the enforcement of its argument or for the establishment of its dogmas. All attempts to make the Muse a party to religious disputation are unwelcome to us; and, for that reason, we will pass on to—

Flowers from the Holy Fathers.—It is of the nature of the affections to suggest needless services, and labours of love are very apt to be labours of supererogation. The author of this volume has read the Fathers with an admiration of their texts which has suggested to him the rather illogical consequence of a determination to improve them. Accordingly certain of those texts reappear, in these pages, in verse. We should, ourselves, call them paraphrases; but the author says, that he has rendered his originals literally—avoiding "all temptation to enlargement."

The Temperance Emigrants, a Drama, by John Dunlop, Esq.—Mr. Dunlop has devoted many years to the promulgation of the Temperance principle; and in his book on 'Drinking Usages,' which we noticed at the time of its appearance, has sought to arrive at the causes which stand most in the way of the Temperance advocate's success, and to whose removal the Societies should devote their earliest attention. The author is much in earnest; and is admitted to have done good service to a cause which is co-operating very usefully with other efforts making for the moral and intellectual amelioration of the people; but we doubt if the present volume can rank prominently in the list of his services. It may even be questioned whether an advocate who has been engaged in strengthening his case by the careful collection of a body of facts, does not lessen the authority of his own argument when he calls in fiction as one of his witnesses, and appeals for confirmation to a catastrophe which he might have moulded in any way he pleased. Much zeal and some good sense appear incidentally throughout the drama, the style of which, however, is as undramatic as possible, and the whole (though not without dramatic interest) is, as we have said, unsuited to the purpose which it has in view.

The South Sea Islanders: a Christian Tale, by John Dunlop, Esq.—This is another fiction, by the same author, representing, in a dramatic form, the introduction of Christianity into the islands of the South Seas. Like the above, it has some dramatic interest, and a style entirely undramatic; but it has striking faults, from which the former is free. The very independent manner in which Mr. Dunlop deals with all the plausibilities essential to dramatic construction almost withdraws his book from the pale of criticism altogether. At the very outset, a shipwrecked Englishman is succoured by a wild native boy, who, never having seen a white specimen of humanity before, is uncertain whether he has caught "a man or a monster"—and yet, straightway, the two begin a conversation and strike up an impromptu friendship, as if there were no difference of language in the way. The Utonga populace are humourists very much after the fashion, and in the forms, of the humourists among the lower orders in Europe: and there is reason to suspect that Shakespeare may have been in Utonga, as he seems to have sketched from some of these originals. How the monarch of Omai, in profound ignorance of all other European customs, should be furnished with a Chamberlain, a Mini-

ter-at-War, Herald (!) and various other appointments claiming kindred with the most artificial and conventional amongst the appendices of European civilization, is much more wonderful than that he should have courtiers "unaccustomed to the details of polemical discussion," and chiefs who heard him as boldly as the English barons bearded John. There are many of the forms of literary expression which admit of any latitude that an author can persuade himself to take; but he who adopts the dramatic form, is bound, by the plainest conditions of his choice, to something like an attempt at dramatic keeping.

Poems from the German of Wilhelm Zimmerman; with other Pieces, by Aletes.—The poems of Wilhelm Zimmerman, of which the author here gives some specimens, from a volume he met with at Tübingen—he believes to be unknown in this country; and, so far as our own experience goes, he is right. He claims, accordingly, some merit for having introduced them to his countrymen; but if they be faithfully and spiritually rendered—as they have the appearance of being—that merit, which (apart from the skill of the translation) can but be a reflection of the merit of the originals, is not very great. Yet they have something of a wild beauty, too—which, in the original, is probably greater than in the translation—and of which the reader may take the two short examples that follow:

Mother's Love:

A POPULAR LEGEND.

Faint and listless in its cradle
Lies the babe, nor sleeps a wink,
Will not bear to eat a morsel,
Will not open its lips to drink.

Ah! its mother is departed,
And the lips it loved are still,
Lips that sang it into slumber,
Numb the breast it seeks and chills.

Yesterday the gloomy bearers
Carried forth her bier from home;
Now the unthinking weeper's finger
Beckons one who may not come.

And the hour of dusk is coming,
Yet no more the babe can sleep;
By the door, with soundless gliding,
Lo! a woman's form doth sweep.

Waving white, a gauzy mantle
Falls the silent one to hide;
Sure she once hath known the chamber,
Now she's by the cradle's side.

There she rocks the child to slumber,
Singing low no mortal tone;
Thrice she kissed and thrice she crossed it,
Bent to bless it and was gone.

Seven days in dusky gloaming
Came that silent one again,
Stilled the child's distress and weeping,
Lulled with song its waking pain.

When the eighth gray eve was falling,
Still and mute the child was found;
Snowy white and crimson roses
Had its cradle deck around.

In the weird night, dumb with sorrow,
Bear they off the babe to rest,
To her new-made grave, and lay it
Close beside its mother's breast.

The Guelder-Rose.

It is a property of this flower, that its petals assume a red colour a few days before falling.

Thou full-blown comely creature,
Say, what is thy sudden stound,
That flushes thy cheek's white feature,
In the guise of Love's own wound?

Wert thou but of human fashion,
Like me, with a burning heart,
I'd say 'twas the tint of passion,—
Yet cold as ice thou art.

"I may have no heart within me,
I may be ice-cold quite;
Yet joy would a cheek-flush win me,
As longing doth paint me white.

"To Earth, my fond mother, I'm fleeing,
And Death is to lead the way;
I think of his yesternight's greeting,
And blush for delight to-day."

From the author's original pieces, the following epigram has the true epigrammatic bite:—

On a Bust of Socrates.

Thy thoughts, old sage, exalted were,
But somewhat humbler seems thy bust;
For, wont to catch at clouds and air,
Thou'rt now reduced to catch the dust.

The History of Banbury. By Alfred Beesley. Nichols & Son.

THE early history of Banbury presents nothing of interest. It was a prebend belonging to Lincoln Cathedral. The castle, which is supposed to have been built by the celebrated Alexander, the belligerent Bishop of Lincoln, was frequently the residence of subsequent prelates, who claimed the lordship of Banbury, and who built, and successively beautified and enlarged the church, a noble monument of middle age parochial church architecture. It was not until the 16th century, that Banbury was elevated to a borough—the charter of incorporation bearing date 1st of Mary, 1553-4. This event was celebrated, as we learn from several characteristic entries in the town records, in a truly civic manner, by a feast of “capones, coneyes, geese and other eates,” to which was added the very moderate allowance of “brede, ale, and a *pottel* of sacke, and a *quarte* of molinises,” (malmsey probably). On the holding of the first “courte atte ye castell,” the allowance of wine was on a nobler scale—a gallon and half being provided, and “a hundred of payres.” A pageant also was prepared; though we fear it was rather on the “pottel of sacke” plan, since we find, from a subsequent entry, that the worshipful burgesses sent to Coventry to purchase “players gear,” to the amount of xxx. l.—and that the united contributions of all the trades guilds did not amount to four pounds. Perhaps it was on this occasion that the celebrated nursery rhyme had its rise, which bids the young rider go to

Banbury Cross,
To see a fair lady upon a white horse;
and as she is farther represented as displaying the unusual bravery of—

Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
we think it may not improbably have referred to a personation of the queen, under whose auspices the town received its first charter.

But while feasts and pageants celebrated this important event, other entries show the value set by the burgesses on their newly acquired dignity. Not only is 5s. assigned for gilding the mace, but a goodly sum is set aside for the stocks, the pillory, and the ducking stool; while the various entries relating to the “newe cage,” show how great an honour it appeared to the townsmen of Banbury to have a prison of their own, and we may add with Dogberry, “everything handsome about them.” It is amusing to read the “regulations” for improving the good town. The strict orders that neither pigs nor geese should frequent the churchyard; and the prohibition of hogs, ringed or unringed, from entering the market place. The watchful care, too, is amusing, that directed the inhabitants to “cense the grounds afore ther dores yerely, afore the feste of Ester;” that no “ricke or hovel” should adorn the streets, except by license of “the Bayley;” and that the “Cuttebrook,” which seems to have been a general receptacle of filth, should also be subjected to an annual cleansing. It shows the high estimation in which the dignity of “Baylyf” was held at Banbury, that it is set forth in the bye-laws that he should be “a *lanthorne*” in good usage and order, “as well to all the rest of his brethren as to the whole comynalte.”

Banbury, however, was destined to yet higher honours, and by the new charter granted by James the First, in 1608, it was made a mayoral town, and had the enviable privilege of “a paire of gallows”! The reason for this favour may, perhaps, be found in the clause, where the sapient James directs the swearing of “honest lawfull men of the borough, by which the truth of the matter may be better known of all felonies, murders, poisonings, *enchantings, sorceries, magical arts, &c.*” The town of Banbury, however, kept tolerably free from charge of witchcraft,

but it soon became the stronghold of puritanism. The following order is curious:—

“5th Oct. 1612. Ordered ‘that eu’y day laborer of this Borough shall eu’y working daie that he lacketh worke goe to the leatherhall by six of the clock in the mornynge & there tarry one hower at the least unlesse he be hieied vpon payne that eu’y laborer sayling herein & being found idle shall for eu’y tyme so sayling be sett in the Stockes two howers. And that no handicraftsman be geared or goe to daie labor out of harnesse if he may have work at his owne occupac’on or trade vpon payne of eu’y one offending herein to be set in the Stockes two howers for eu’y tyme soe offending.”

There are many entries also deserving of notice. Apprentices, we find, were expected to continue with their masters after the expiration of their servitude, and for this, they are to receive a small amount of wages, differing in different trades, and “double clothing.” The old Saxon law of the master of the house being answerable for all his inmates, seems to have been adhered to in these small boroughs; and the licence of the mayor was necessary to enable any inhabitant to receive “any inmate or under tenant.” The fine of the householder if any inmate remained without a licence more than twelve days, was 40s. and the loss of the town’s freedom. In the great civil war, Banbury occupied a conspicuous place. The exertions and preaching of several puritan ministers, among whom the celebrated master Dodd, may be mentioned, and the vicinity of that great parliamentary leader Lord Saye and Sele, seem to have favoured the growth of puritan opinions, so that, as our readers doubtless remember, “a psalm-singing brother of Banbury” was one of the most common *soubriquets* of the dramatists of that period. Banbury Castle, an important stronghold, was in Lord Saye and Sele’s possession, and Broughton Castle, where he mostly resided, was at a very short distance. On the other hand, the Earl of Northampton resided at his seat at Compton Wyniate, within eight miles of Banbury; and the reader may well imagine how severely the town suffered during the strife of those principles, of which these two nobles were the resolute advocates. There is some curious information collected from the diurnals and scarce pamphlets of that busy and excited period, in this part of the work. If the spirit of partizanship had been less apparent, however, it would have gained in value. It is rather too late in the day, for a writer claiming place above an electioneering scribbler, to characterize the great struggle of the Parliament as a rebellion, or to point out such men as Brooke, Saye and Sele, and even Hampden, as persons who, if they were not guilty of crime, were, at least, awfully deluded. Mr. Beesley seems to be greatly surprised at the coldness with which the King’s claims were responded to throughout the midland counties; he, however, gives us abundant proofs of the fierce and despotic spirit with which the Cavaliers treated alike friends and enemies. We must remember, too, that while a high and gallant spirit of loyalty, almost akin to that which the knight of yore felt toward his liege lord, actuated the old nobility, their tenants felt nothing of the kind, and looked with indifference on the struggle. It was far different on the parliamentary side; and the ridicule with which many a contemporary writer details the exertions made by the women, and even children, affords proof of the deep root the parliamentary principles had taken in the hearts of the people. The following from a scarce, it is said a unique, tract, in Mr. Upcott’s collection, will illustrate the enthusiasm of the parliamentarians. In 1642, Banbury Castle was taken by the Royalists, and the inhabitants of the town suffered great annoyance:—

“William Needle was a youth of Banbury, scarcely twenty years old, and in somewhat humble circum-

stances; but said to be virtuous and religious, and endowed with no mean gifts of mind. It had chanced that Captain Trist, one of the King’s officers of horse, had been severely wounded and made prisoner by Lord Brook in a skirmish which occurred at Stratford upon Avon some little time before; and was left at Stratford (as being thought unfit to travel), under an engagement to be forthcoming a prisoner on demand. A party of Royalists from Banbury however fetched away their comrade, and carried him first to Banbury, and then, for safety, towards Oxford. Hereupon one Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips (the wife of a magistrate of Banbury, who had fled from the town long before by reason of the danger), sent William Needle as her messenger to the Parliament’s forces then lying at Bicester, in order that Captain Trist might be apprehended ‘as an enemy to the state and a grand disturber of the peace of that county.’ Needle was, however, himself taken by a scouting party of the King’s; who, affecting to be soldiers of the Parliament, drew from him the nature of his errand, and carried him prisoner to Banbury. Being examined there by Col. Hunks, the Governor, Needle also confessed by whom he had been sent on the errand: whereupon Mrs. Phillips (who is represented as having been found ‘playing the good huswife at home,’ where she had ten children), was brought up; and she, acknowledging that her wish was to have had Captain Trist taken, was also committed to the Castle, and her house and shop ‘ransack’d.’ This took place on the 10th March. On the 11th, a council of war passed sentence of death on both the prisoners, who had made themselves amenable to military law as spies; and on Tuesday the 14th they were brought from the Castle to be executed in the Market Place. It being demanded of Needle, as he stood upon the ladder, why he sought to surprise Captain Trist, he answered that he considered Trist to be an enemy to the church of God, the peace of the kingdom, and the quiet of the place where he was. In answer to a remark of Lieutenant Poultney (an Irishman), that he was ‘a traitor to the King,’ Needle declared that he never had an ill thought of the King, but that he constantly prayed for his Majesty’s preservation, and for the Queen’s conversion: that, assenting to his Majesty’s proclamation that whosoever plundered or pillaged should be prosecuted according to law, he, knowing Captain Trist to be notoriously guilty of both, had sought to have him punished by law. ** The executioner, being now about to do his last office, was stopped by Poultney while the latter went to the council: meanwhile Needle took half-a-crown from his pocket, and called to one of Mrs. Phillips’s children, and gave it her to ‘keep in remembrance of him.’ Poultney, on returning from the council, bade the executioner do his office upon Needle, who did not ‘shrink nor shiver,’ but, ‘bid the world heartily adieu, and so was turned off.’ Some time after death, he was cut down by the sword of a gentleman, one of the King’s soldiers, who said he was persuaded that Needle’s soul was gone to Heaven, and that, he being unjustly executed, his innocent blood would be required at their hands. Mrs. Phillips standing with the halter about her neck, a soldier would have put it under her handkerchief; but she would not suffer him, saying she was not ashamed to suffer reproach and shame in this cause. But, her children being about her and lamenting their mother’s fate, the brutal Poultney exclaimed—‘Ye are bound to curse your mother.’ He then caused Mrs. Phillips to be led about the Market Place in derision, and afterwards returned her to prison in the Castle.”

During the siege of Banbury in 1644, and the following year, Sir Samuel Luke, Butler’s Hudibras, as governor of Newport Pagnel, took a prominent part in the neighbouring skirmishes, and we find several letters copied from his manuscript book. The following is, perhaps, worth inserting, as a specimen of the courteous style used during the war. The third letter is characteristic alike of the caution and the shrewd management of the writer. Many grants of leases were doubtless obtained with a little management, by “wise men of y^e Howse”:—

“To Sir Samuel Luke.

“Sr,
“The Countesse of North’ton (my mother) desires

communicated by arranging his classed catalogue according to dates. The facility of reference which results from the Alphabetical arrangement is not worth consideration in so small a work; whereas the briefest outline of the history of art opens a field for thought and speculation.

Reply to an "American's Examination" of the *Right of Search*, by an Englishman.—This is an able review of many of the questions unhappily at issue between Great Britain and America.

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THE BECALMED.

BOUND in a dull, unbroken sleep—
A ship upon the wave
Where chained wind and stagnant deep
Defy the bold and brave,
Held, fettered as by viewless hands
That bind, but not deform,
The silent heart in ruin stands—
A wreck without a storm!
The billows' play is curbed and pent,
The air hath not a sound;
Salvation's foot, in mercy sent,
Hath here no pathway found,
But Anguish at the helm stands pale,
And Misery at the prow,
And sighs are here the only gale
That speeds the eternal—Now!
Hour after hour its passage takes;
Suns rise—and set again;
No welcome cloud in showers down-breaks
On the parched lip of pain,
And will is strong,—and power is weak,—
And Love hath feeble sway;
And there are plague-spots on the cheek
With none to kiss away!

No prayers to life or motion urge
That calm, but dreadful, wave;
And Hope—whose breast had smoothed the surge,
Finds here no fabled grave.
But Doubt with cautious stealth draws near,
And fills the cup of care,
For lips too passionless for fear—
Too lifeless for despair.

Thus, powerless, on the tide of Time,
Steered by an useless chart,
Sickening in Life's unhealthful clime,
Floats the quelled human heart.
Oh! well such heart may lift its cry
From that worst deep to save—
That hopeless, tearless agony—
That sea without a wave!

E. L. MONTAGU.

LINES.

THEY speak of thee as one whose mind
Is careless as a child at play,
Of thought untroubled, unconfined,
For ever wild, for ever gay:
They tell me of thy joyous voice,
Thy sparkling wit, thy ready smile;
They bid me in the tale rejoice,
Nor mark how cold my brow the while.

And thou with them so blest canst be?
And thou art happy with the gay?
The past seems all delight to thee,
The future—brilliant as to-day?
Would they believe me if I told
That I have seen thy starting tear,
Have heard thee secret woes unfold,
And mourn, when others could not hear?

'Tis better thus—be wild—be gay;
I'd have thee sad to only one:
How should I feel to know that they
Had seen thee weep as I have done?

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN COWARDS.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK.

THERE is no more joyous and delicious comedy in the English language than "The Twelfth Night, or What You Will." A romantic tale of love glides through a succession of scenes of alternate tenderness and merriment—now amorous within the bounds of the maidenliest purity, now laughter-stirring without passing over the "limits of becoming mirth." The play is all lightsome and flowery: we feel as if we had passed the time of reading it in a garden of roses and trellised vines, on the radiant banks of a lake of Italy. The coldness of Olivia to Orsino throws over the story but a fleecy cloud, quickly dispersed by the fond fervour of Viola's affection, and relieved by the hundred charming pleasanties of the jolliest of majors-domos, the most humorous of clowns, the vainest of major-domos, and the wittiest of ladies'-women.

But we have to do, at present, with a subordinate contributor to the entertainment; yet in his subordination how exquisite, how effective—Sir Andrew Aguecheek! Here is another dastard of high degree, yet how different from Parolles, or Pistol,—a new species of the genus Coward. Sir Andrew is not a man of arms, although he wears a sword: he is a "knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration." Knights of peace, such as mayors, justices, and court doctors, were called *carpet* knights, to distinguish them from the orders of knighthood who owed their titles to feats and services in the field. "If it be the royal pleasure," says an old writer, to knight any such persons, seeing they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title, or spurs; they are only termed simply *milities*, or knights of the carpet, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers on the field of battle; though, in these our days, they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder, with the words, 'Rise up Sir W. B. knight.'

Such is the nature of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's title and dignity; and we may figure to ourselves how, with his constitutional aversion to cold iron, he must have winced under the stroke of the naked sword that

dubbed him. A man can display the white feather upon the green cloth, as conspicuously as on the green field, and prove himself a craven upon a Turkey carpet, as well as on the plains of Turkey.

Sir Andrew is as arrant a fool as Monsieur Parolles, but a fool of another colour; his folly is in speech as well as in conduct, the result of natural simplicity and *acquired* ignorance. There is a difference between the simpleton and the ignoramus, but Sir Andrew is both. Parolles could talk well and plausibly upon occasion, for he imposes, in the first instance, upon the veteran Lafew. The only wit that the coward of "The Twelfth Night" possesses lies in his heels: discretion is not with him, as with Falstaff, "the better part of valour," for all the discretion he is master of consists in his want of valour altogether. Parolles is a vapourer; Sir Andrew Aguecheek is more practical, for he is a quarreller, which the French poltroon is not. It is imprudent enough in the coward to vapour, because vapouring procures him ridicule and contempt; but it is more irrational to quarrel, because quarrelling brings such physical consequences as kicks and scars. As Parolles is delineated by Helena, so is Sir Andrew sketched by Maria. As women are great worshippers of heroes, so is it impossible for cowardice to elude their sagacity. They have a divine intuition in this matter; and as Lynceus saw through a millstone, so will a woman discern the palpitations of the faint heart under the plates of the bravest armour. Maria says to Sir Toby:—

"Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer."

"Sir To. Who! Sir Andrew Aguecheek?"

"Mar. Ay, he."

"Sir To. He's as tall a man as any in Illyria."

"Mar. What's that to the purpose?"

Men are not uncommonly imposed on by height, and measure prowess by it. A fellow "as tall a man as any in Illyria," or in England, may swagger a long time with impunity, and few are disposed to join issue with his giantship; but Maria sharply inquires, "What's that to the purpose?" She sees, at a glance, that to argue from stature to gallantry is a *non sequitur*, and that a fellow may be as tall as a bull as the Monument of London, without as much valorous heat as a lady's lap-dog. Sir Toby states what is more "to the purpose," when he adds, "Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year," for it is clearly better to have a long purse than to be a long fellow. But Maria quickly finds a flaw in this title also, and shrewdly observes,—"Aye, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal."

"Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! He plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature."

"Mar. He hath, indeed—almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller, and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath for quarrelling, 'tis thought, among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave."

Sir Toby's panegyric on his friend (whose ducats enable him to spare his own coffers), may be true as relates to the viol-de-gambo, but in respect of the languages it is a sheer fiction of the moment. Sir Andrew is the only Shakespearian coward without the gift of tongues. Parolles is a man of mere words, which, though often things, are never deeds—at least, not deeds of arms. Pistol has an exhaustless dictionary of tavern oaths, bombastic scraps of plays, and snatches of noisy drinking-songs. Therastis (who is yet to be reviewed) is as fluent and vociferous as any fish-wife. But Aguecheek has not a word "to throw to a dog," as the adage has it. He has not French enough to understand *pourquoy*, and in conversational encounter with Maria (who is certainly a formidable antagonist), he makes no more fight than if the battle was with words.

"Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?"

* Mr. Collier remarks that "the use of 'tall' for courageous and bold was common in the time of Shakespeare." No doubt of it; but why should not "tall" be used here in its present and proper sense, which it certainly had in Shakespearian times?

"Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man hath; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that doth harm to my wit.

"Sir To. No question.

"Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

"Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

"Sir And. What is pourquoy? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. Oh, had I but followed the arts!

"Sir To. Then had'st thou had an excellent head of hair.

"Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

"Sir To. Past question, for thou see'st it will not curl by nature."

Sir Andrew is a valiant trencher-man; the only service he has a taste for is the dinner-service. When his bacchanalian comrade asks,—*"Do not our lives consist of the four elements?"* Sir Andrew replies,—*"Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."* The fact is, that the love of eating and drinking is a great strengthener of the love of life, and, consequently, no small ingredient in the spirit of cowardice. After all, there is not a little reason in preferring the dinner where we eat, to the supper where we are eaten. To be sure, sooner or later, the "convocation of politic worms" will be "at us." They feasted on Thersites as they did upon Achilles, and on Demosthenes as well as Alexander; but nevertheless it is a point gained to have the privilege which the Cyclops accorded to Ulysses,—to be eaten last!

Through the entire scene of carousal and midnight caterwauling which brings down both Maria and Malvolio upon the unmannered wassailers under the roof of the sorrowing Olivia, Sir Andrew plays a distinguished part, and when the clown exclaims,—*"Beshrew me, the knight (meaning Sir Toby) is in admirable fooling,"* our poltroon stammers out with all the voice that his potations have left him.—*"Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, and I do it more natural."*

When Malvolio's offensive interference incenses the whole party against him, Sir Andrew's project of vengeance is characteristic:—"Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him." And the following touch is inimitable.

"Maria. Marry, Sir, Malvolio is a kind of Puritan.

"Sir And. Oh, if I thought that, I'd bent him like a dog.

"Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

"Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough."

The "gift of a coward," as Maria calls it, is notably displayed in this foolish knight's continual prattle of swords and pistols; he is always for violent measures, and threatens to shoot or cudgel everybody that crosses him. During Malvolio's soliloquy, he "could so beat the rogue," and again he exclaims—"pistol him, pistol him."

The suit of this mirror of knighthood to the mourning countess prospers as may be imagined. He observes her in the orchard with Cesario, (the disguised Viola,) and is shrewd enough to discover that he but loses his time and his duents in the undertaking to which Sir Toby has urged him, for his own selfish purposes. Fabian, however, puts a construction on Olivia's conduct which re-assures our wiseacre, and induces him to postpone his "ride home" for another day or two,—a change of mind which involves him in a host of tribulations. Sir Andrew is one of those men who never make a good resolution in all their lives, except to break it, and whose daily soliloquy is,—*"Had I but done what I first intended!"*

"Fabian. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awaken your dourmouze valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jest, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumb-

ness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked; the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

"Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician."

It is plain that Sir Andrew is a high-churchman. He would cudgel a Puritan, and he would not be a disciple of Robert Brown for worlds. Probably he thought in his wisdom that cudgelling dissenters was the best method of converting them. In the reign of Charles the First there were many who held the same doctrine as Sir Andrew. It is worth noting, how the great dramatic moralist makes persecution ridiculous by blending it with the other imbecilities of this absurd character.

Sir Andrew, like Parolles, is the architect of his own misfortunes. When valour is not in the heart, the less it is on our lips the better. Sir Toby catches at the word, and desecrating matter of mirth derivable from his companion's unlucky resolution to cut the Gordian knot like a soldier, in preference to untying it like a diplomatist, he quickly chalks out the plan of proceedings.

"Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

"Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

"Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

"Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be eurst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose pen, no matter. About it!"

And Sir Andrew shuffles away "about it," doubtless much quickened to the martial enterprise he has in hand by the consideration of Cesario's youth and delicate favour, for we are to recollect the picture which the Duke draws of that forgery of a young gentleman.

— They shall yet belie thy happy years

That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious: thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,

And all thy semblative a woman's part.

"As tall a man as any in Illyria" might predominate over a juvenile like this, without being a downright Hector of Troy.

As soon as Sir Andrew's back is turned, Fabian says to Sir Toby, "We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it." To which Sir Toby replies, "Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as would clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy." Fabian subjoins, "And his opposite the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty."

We shall now see a specimen of a coward's challenge. "More matter," says Fabian, "for a May-morning." Sir Toby reads,—

"Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

[The repeated thou is in obedience, doubtless, to Sir Toby's precept, "if thou thou'st him some thrice it shall not be amiss."] Wonder not, nor admire not, in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't [recollecting the hint "no matter how witty"]. Thou comest to the Lady Olivia and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for [very brief," observes Fabian, "and exceeding good senseless"] I WILL WAYLAY THEE GOING HOME, where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fare-thee-well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine,

but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

— ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

"Here's the challenge," (quoth the writer, justly vain of his performance,) "I warrant there's *singier and pepper in't*." Then does Sir Toby, laughing in both his sleeves, give his magnanimous friend and principal the following instructions:—

"Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff. So soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou drawest, swear horrible, for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him; away!"

"Sir And. Let me alone for swearing."

But Sir Toby is too acute to deliver a challenge couched in language so "exceeding good senseless." He reflects, that "the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole." Consequently, he determines to deliver the challenge "by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by their looks like cockatrice."

Now heaven protect the fair false Cesario. Figure to ourselves his, or her astonishment and dismay, when Sir Toby delivers the warlike message he is charged with, in such terrible words as these,—*"thy interpreter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard's end."* Viola's situation is truly one of great embarrassment, and seemingly extreme danger. She must not disclose the secret of her sex, and she is required to support the character she has assumed with her male attire in a duel! Her situation, when called on to "dismount her tuck, and be yare in her preparation, for the assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly," is one that would have blanched the cheek of many a man "in Illyria," and would have tempted few men to a breach of the last commandment. She holds a court of conscience on the instant, and finds that her remembrance "is free and clear from any image of offence done to any man." Sir Toby protests that it will be "found otherwise," and again describes Sir Andrew as a roaring lion.

"Viola. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

"Sir To. He is a knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob nob, is his word, give't or take't."

Penthesilea might stand this, or Joan of Arc hear it with unshaken nerves; but Viola, who is no Amazon, and only a man by the tailor's patent, prudently resolves "to return to the house and desire some conduct of the lady." But Sir Toby has no mercy upon the fears of one whom he takes to be of the sex her attire indicates, and propounds the alternative of a bout with Sir Andrew, or an encounter with himself. Then leaving the terrified Cesario in charge of Fabian, to prevent his flight, he goes in quest of his principal to prepare him in like manner for the fray. Fabian avails himself of the opportunity to caution Cesario not to judge Sir Andrew by his appearance. "Nothing of that wonderful promise," he says, "to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria."

But the difference in valour between Cesario, who is a girl, and Sir Andrew, who is a man, and a tall one, is not much, and rather in the girl's favour. The knight would never have so committed himself, had he not drawn from Cesario's roseate cheeks, unrazored lips, and graceful form, the encouraging auguries of weakness, effeminacy, and inexperience. He concluded him as near an approximation to womanhood as a knight could reasonably expect to meet with in a passage of arms, and when his waggish second acquaints him with his mistake, and

informs him that he has challenged no mannikin, but a genuine man, and a brave man to boot, our knight of the white feather is turned quite topsy-turvy, and wishes himself in any mouse-hole.

Sir Toby plays his part incomparably. There is no better provider of "matter for a May-morning," save the matchless Maria only. The reader can have but little of the mettle of cowardice in his composition, who does not sympathetically quake and shudder, while Sir Toby practises so inexorably on the nerves of his white-livered associate.

"Sir To. Why man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in* with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. *They say he has been fencer to the Sophy!*"

"Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

"Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.—[which was strictly true].

"Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. *Let him let the matter slip and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.*"

Other knights use their horses to bear them into action; Sir Andrew more discreetly employs his to bear him out of it. The alacrity with which this booby-coward proposes to part with his charger, suggests the idea that riding is as little germane to his taste and spirit as fighting. He was not born to—

Witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Caligula made his steed a Consul. We can more easily conceive that Sir Andrew's "grey Capilet" held the post of Dictator, than that his timorous and awkward owner was Master-of-Horse. Nevertheless, the belligerents come "face to face," Sir Toby privately assuring each that the other has "promised he will not hurt" him. "Pray God," mutters Sir Andrew, "he keep his oath!" "I do assure you," says Viola, "is against my will." Never were combatants better matched, both detesting the sight of cold iron as instinctively as James the First. But the sport is spoiled by the rushing in of Antonio, the sea-captain, who takes Viola for Sebastian, and at once declares himself his champion. Sir Toby is as ready for fight as fun, and bloody deeds had been performed, but for the interruption of the officers of the Duke. Sir Andrew's sword, however, is still naked, and Viola entreats him to return it to the scabbard, to which he consents with all his heart, and with the most commendable probity sticks to his promise of "grey Capilet."

"Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir,—and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word:—he will bear you easily, and rein well."

Up to this point Sir Andrew has an unshaken faith in the manhood and courage of his youthful "opposite," and believes him "a very devil." But when Cesario's denial of all knowledge of Antonio, (who upbraids him with his signal services to her brother, whom so strongly she resembles), draws out the real opinions of Sir Toby and Fabian as to the character of that fictitious young gentleman, all the valour that has oozed out of Aguecheek oozes back again into his carcase.

"Sir To. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

"Fab. A coward, a devout coward, religious in it.

"Sir And. 'Shid, I'll after him, and cuff him soundly."

And he marches away upon this magnanimous enterprise, Sir Toby observing aside to Fabian,—*"I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet."*

But there is more fun stirring than Sir Toby dreams of. It would have been well for Sir Andrew had his "gift of cowardice allayed his gust for quarrelling" a little longer. His ill-luck is like that of the hunter, who, thinking to start a hare, rouses a lion. In pursuit of Cesario he comes up with Sebastian, and believing him the "devout coward" that

* Sir Toby means the *stoccata*, an Italian term of fence which Bobadil has glib on his tongue, amongst the other pedantries of swordsmanship. Sir Toby calls it the *stuck-in*, not altogether for the sake of the pun, but to make it level to the apprehension of his friend, who owns he "bestowed more time on bear-baiting than on the tongue."

Fabian had described, without more ado he strikes him!

"Sir And. How, Sir, have I met you again; there's for you.

"Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there;—are all the people mad?"

Three knocks for one; repayment of Sir Andrew's compliments with usury! And there would have been a larger disbursement of the same coin, had not Sir Toby come to the rescue, and held the victor's arm. The beaten blockhead exclaims,—*"Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that."*

The extent of Sir Andrew's injuries we learn in the next act, where the stage direction informs us that he "enters with his head broken."

"Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

"Olivia. What's the matter?

"Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pounds I were at home.

"Olivia. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

"Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario: *we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.*"

Viola pleads guilty to the drawing of her sword, but protests she did her antagonist no hurt.

"If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb." And these are the last words of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Knight, "dubbed with unhatched rapier, on carpet consideration," "as tall a man as any in Illyria," and the lineal ancestor of Robert Acres, Esq., *alias* Fighting Bob. S.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. C. Landseer's picture (278), *The Departure of Charles II. from Bentley*, is one of the favoured works which there is some difficulty in admiring at the proper distance, so eager are the gazers who gather round it. Hence we were driven so close, as to be compelled to examine the artist's manner of painting more nearly than is, perhaps, fair; and yet we must record the fruits of our prying. There is, then, a plastery deadness and want of transparency in the general effect of Mr. C. Landseer's pictures—which arise from a deliberate carelessness, not to say coarseness, of hand—Miss Lane, for instance, the central figure of a graceful group, might have been rubbed in with the thumb, and finished with the point of the palette-knife. Nor is she a solitary example.

At a distance, however, the eye will find much to praise in the picture: as a whole, indeed, we prefer it to any of Mr. C. Landseer's former works. The entire composition (the short-faced boy who holds the horse especially specified) reminds us somewhat of Mr. E. Landseer's well-known 'Return from Hawking;' and perhaps—save in the face and attitude of the anxious dame, who looks back from her pillion to inquire why there is so much delay in getting to horse,—the anxiety of an escape in disguise is not sufficiently indicated: but there is great ease in the attitudes—that artless art in the general disposition of the figures, so seldom reached in paintings of this class. Some of the individual heads, too, are very good, and the arrangement of costume correct and effective, without a pedantic overlaying of Humanity. Above this hangs a conversation piece by Mr. M'Innes, *The Money Lender* (279), which hardly fulfils the promise made last year by its clever artist's 'Baccanale.' The spendthrift lounges against the usurer's table, while a pair of gallants, whose like errand has been fulfilled (we presume so, the story not being very clearly told), are creeping away behind his chair. But the extreme richness of the youth's apparel draws our attention to the meagreness of his figure: if a moral be implied in this, the manner of its expression we think questionable, as giving rise to different readings. Neither, as Mr. Jerrold (that Defoe of usurer life) would tell our young painter, is the Abednego of the transaction half significant enough. The cat-like indifference—the scorn of the much abused yet essential Pariah—are alike missed; nor is the cunning of the black-suited go-between who leans close to the gallant's ear, so forcible in effect, as to compensate

for their absence. The accumulation of accessories, &c. has been carefully studied by Mr. M'Innes, in subservience to the meaning of the picture; and it is from observing this, that we suggest a double measure of thought and concentrated attention upon the expression of his main figures in the next subject he may undertake.

Mr. Linnell's portrait of *William Coningham, Esq.* (285), is one of the attractions of the corner where it hangs: the best portrait, we may add, this year exhibited by our artist; since in his *Lady Baring* (449) he has attempted to repeat, with improvements, the effect he produced last year in his old Spanish Lady, and the result is but feebleness and mannerism. Mr. Lee's *Highland Scenery* (288) is another picture which will tempt many to linger in its corner. As a landscape it is delightful: the dreariness of Nature's aspect is aided by a certain watery brightness of atmosphere in the foreground, shading off into rolling mists as the horizon is neared. We presume the time to be early autumn; though in that case, the moorland in the middle distance would have taken a browner tinge, as would also the nearer foliage; and some little licence must be granted, to account for the appearance of the brilliant silver on the snow-peaks, with a foreground so warm and cheerful. We may take this opportunity of speaking of Mr. Lee's imaginary composition, *Desolation* (368), which hangs in the opposite corner of the room. This is a view down a narrow glen, which some convulsion of Nature has visited, since the rocks are tumbled about with a regularity marking the path of the storm; and the blasted trees, attest also how terrible the hurricane has been. A few fragments of building aid the effect, which is consummated by a sky as heavily sullen, as though therein was brewing another whirlwind. The very unloveliness of this landscape is a warrant for its fidelity;—need we add, however, that there are other aspects of Ruin and Decay, which might be combined with greater poetry and picturesqueness of effect? In Art, as in Fiction, a matter-of-fact transcript of Calamity and Destruction may be powerful, but can hardly be rendered pleasing.

While among the money-lenders, we ought, perhaps, to have spoken of Mr. Severn's *Italian Widow* (295), another illustration of Distress driven to desperate expedients, but far gentler and more gracious than that selected by Mr. M'Innes. It is want, and not debauchery, that makes the fair and proud matron empty her treasure on the Jew's table, retaining only the picture of her husband, which she clasps close to her child, as though both were too precious to be parted with. It is mere callous, mechanical trade, and no especial desire to overreach, which furrows the brow of the old man, as he fingers ring, and brooch, and chain, depreciating the value of these remembrances of happier days, as a necessary part of his calling. The unbroken depth of the widow's sadness required this almost animal unconsciousness on the part of him to whom she has recourse; trickery and persecution arousing in the gentlest a spirit of resistance, which diverts the current of Sorrow. There is poetry, too, in the curious, wondering pair of eyes, just above the table-cover, with which the widow's elder child surveys the transaction. The treatment of the light is one of the best points in the picture; and the gleam which catches the Israelite's turban—the head, too, of the babe, that lies in the unconsciousness of slumber on its mother's breast—gives felicitously a life and fine contrast to the half-tints, in which the picture is generally painted. We have here, too, a care and richness of finish earnestly to be recommended for imitation to Mr. Severn's contemporaries,—his picture being one of those which will bear removal from the particular light, and survive the departure of the particular May, for which it was not painted.

Mr. Geddes has here a *Hagar* (301), close to the door a *Jewess* (388)—neither our nor Scott's Rebecca—and lastly, in the west room, a *Portrait of the Hon. G. L. Foley* (449), which we are bound to notice, lest, having praised the rich tones of his colouring, any should imagine we could shut our eyes to such mannerism as these three heads exhibit. They are all steeped in the same walnut-brown complexion-tint—a fancy assuredly little calculated to recommend our artist to fair sitters. Mr. Eddis exhibits more natural roses and lilies in his pair of portraits (314): but there is an anxiety in the coun-

tenance of one of the young ladies, which we can by no means reconcile to the mere cessation from needle-work, for the sake of some gentle thought or favourite topic. One of the best portraits in the Exhibition, numbered 323, by Mr. Rothwell, hangs hard by, as if to afford an example of the grace, which belongs to Nature, and demands neither youth nor loveliness of feature. It is long since any work of its class has given us greater pleasure. The same artist's *Very Picture of Idleness* (377), we presume, is to be regarded as a fancy piece. Real or ideal, the nymph is charming—a lazy, bright-eyed girl—leaning upon her arms, with a broad speaking smile, such as Murillo might not have disdained to paint. It gives us great pleasure to see Mr. Rothwell at last justifying the best predictions of his friends. His colouring has lost none of its delicacy,—while his hand has gained force. Ere we close this paragraph of portraits, we may mention Mr. Grant's *Lady Marian Alford* (362) as one of the best works he exhibits: and which, strange to say, suffers nothing in its 'carnations' from the violent and blood-red 'War,' by Mr. Turner, close to which it is, by ill-luck, hung. Mr. Stone's one contribution, *Admonition* (321), is so complete a relapse into the unambitious prettiness of his boudoir manner, that we cannot tarry long with it, even though it be of its kind a gem. Here are his chosen figure, his favourite costume, the brocade curtain of his predilections, the carved oak table he cannot dispense with,—and this, after the sprightly and spirited picture from the Spanish Match, exhibited last year!

There must be a touch or more of imagination in the next picture we have to notice—Mr. J. J. Chalon's *Deserted Mansion* (327), for it recalled to recollection a verse in Barry Cornwall's 'Home of the Absentee':—

The gardens feed no fruits nor flowers,
But childless seem, and in decay;
The traitor clock forsakes the hours,
And points to times—oh, far away!
And the steed no longer neigheth,
Nor paws the startled ground;
And the dun hound no longer bayeth;
But death is in all around!
All is gone: save a voice
That never did yet rejoice:
'Tis sweet and low: 'tis sad and lone:
And it biddeth us love the thing that's flown.

Some may tell us, it would be hard to prove the association between the picture and the rhyme: seeing that Mr. Chalon's mansion (a splendid structure) is surrounded by all the signs of fertility run wild, which give it a mournful magnificence, alien to the lines just quoted. But the sentiment is the same, and the red light thrown from the west by the landscape painter, and intercepted by those filmy clouds which mark Day's departure, gives harmony to all the objects so poetically conceived and accumulated. Mr. Chalon, however, has too great an objection to air in his pictures. Here we are shut in among melancholy boughs, and overgrown arbours, and stagnant pools, till a sense of closeness and oppression seizes us: this may be true to the spirit of the scene, but it is bad for pictorial effect, and as such would have been discreetly avoided.

There is but one more work which need detain us in the middle room; this is *Il Foto* (379), by P. Williams: the arrival of a party of Italian peasants at the shrine of "La Madonna della Salute," to return thanks for the restoration of their daughter. Setting aside its truth to southern character and costume, there is no common measure of the poetry of the heart in this composition. Not merely is this shown in the central group, where the convalescent in her prescribed sober garments, languidly approaches the monastery gate, her old mother at her side, radiant with eager gratitude; but also in every accessory figure. The pair who are going up with a fresh garland of flowers to Our Lady, as she sitteth in a niche by the convent door, in all the gaudy stiffness of Byzantine mosaic; in the little maiden in front, who admiringly holds up a great silver heart, which her tiny hands are to offer to the family saint, and in the basket-bearers in the rear of the convalescent,—all these, we repeat, are charming. We are not, it is true, dangerously enamoured of Mr. Williams's manner of painting—which tends towards the finical, or of his taste in colour, which has a like direction; but the care, expression, and feeling of this picture, give it a very high place in our estimation.

Reserving the West Room and the Architectural

drawings for a last ramble, let us now descend from the crowded spaces and ceaseless murmur and glare of colour, which have fatigued the senses in the picture rooms, into the small dark chamber, which would be more appropriately inscribed 'The Cave of Sculpture' than—

The Sculpture Gallery.

There is a feeling of refreshment and relief in its dim twilight,—with the pale, marble forms that gleam from its floor and on its shelves,—and the living figures, almost as silent, that, subdued by the subterranean and monumental character of the place, glide quietly and cautiously round its dangerous corners, and pass away into its narrow and mysterious recesses,—like the visitors to an eastern tomb. Nor is the enterprise without its difficulty, or the caution evinced in threading its close lanes and steering clear of its corner cupboards wholly fanciful. But the result is the occasional disinterring of some work of merit, which it was against all human probabilities to expect should ever be seen at all, and which nine out of every ten persons who visit the collection never do see. This is, in itself, a great discouragement to the practice of sculpture,—to such of its works particularly as have their patrons still to seek. To whatever extent this annual exhibition is calculated to be useful to the artist, the arrangement in question is a curtailment of the sculptor's fair rights. It is just, however, to observe, that the Academician-sculptors, themselves, have but a poor chance in this redeemed coal-hole; where the number of works that can obtain favourable places, under any system of stowage, is limited to a very few indeed. All the accessories that help this form of art, in its more imaginative displays, are disturbed by this disgraceful fact. For abstractions there is no chance whatever; and the misalliance of the pink spencer and the pyramid is continually repeated here, in a manner that must be intolerable to the artist, and is, we can answer for it, not a little provoking to the public. The centre floor of the chamber is necessarily occupied by the figures of sculpture; and, in the interspaces, jostling them and each other, or dodging round them, pass and repass the forms that proclaim, by a variety of undeniable evidences, that they are "of the earth, earthy." The real here treads too closely on the ideal, and disenchant it;—the familiar, in the form of a round hat, sails in between the spectator and his dream, and turns it into an epigram. It is curious to see a nation, in the very high-places of art, thus offering itself to the *Charioteers* of foreigners.—Venus, for example, is rescuing Æneas from Diomed; and Mr. Marshall has so expressed the divinity of the goddess, and told the story of her interference, as to leave no doubt of its success.—when, suddenly, they are surrounded by a crowd who disturb the dramatic unity, and suggest the notion of a diversion in favour of the Greek. Mr. Loft's group of "The Graces" catches the eyes of the spectator from afar: and, after a long gaze, he shuts them, for a moment, perhaps, to take to his heart the sense of their beauty;—then opens them for another glimpse at the reality; and, where stood the Graces, stand,—what, if he be a gallant man, he does not attempt to characterize,—but, at any rate, loses no time in passing on to some other group. An opening in the crowd lets in a vision of Mr. Westmacott's "Monumental Angel"—the group closes, and the winged visitant is gone. The sudden motion of a folded umbrella appropriately summons Iris into the field of vision;—Mars groups with a lady's bonnet, so as to "show the white feather;"—and Mr. MacDowell's "Cupid, 'on mischief bent,'" peeps out, and hides himself again, behind a cloud of muslin. So little space, indeed, is there for arrangement, even of the few works that usurp the spectators' place, in the middle of the room, that their present positions scarcely convey the idea of being the result of any arrangement at all. It would seem, rather, as if the whole body of them had been on the floor, jostling for their places, when they were surprised by the opening of the Exhibition to the public; and the giants had suddenly decided the business their own way, by lifting all the little men on to the shelves, and settling themselves down into their respective attitudes, each on the spot on which he happened to stand. We suppose, however, that this misarrangement, against which we have so often protested, may now be considered as acquiesced in, for the present. The Sculptors are a less power-

ful minority in the Academical body, even than they were a year ago; and if they had not interest enough to secure a favourable exposition of their works, when Chantrey and the elder Westmacott were amongst the exhibitors, the cause may, we presume, be considered as lost for the present. The public, however, might readily settle the matter, if it were to come zealously in aid of the artist; and, as one of its organs, we will put our protest on record every year.

With regard to the Exhibition itself, the first impression which it made upon us, was one of disappointment; and the final one, a conviction that for the former there is no good cause. On its first survey, the eye looks about directly for those conspicuous performances which captivate at once by their beauty, and form both the starting-points and resting-places from which the remainder of the examination is pursued. The present Exhibition contains nothing of this striking class; and, missing these, it cannot but be felt that, as representing the produce of English Sculpture for the year, it does not offer all that might have been expected. The disappointment, however, goes no deeper than to casual results; for certainly there is much in the present collection to prove that the principles of the art are safe,—excellent modelling, clear intelligence of the capabilities and limits of the art, consummate workmanship, and sufficient evidence of a leaning towards the abstract and imaginative, in this day of their discouragement, to give good earnest of what it will do in that time of enlarged views and extended meanings which we believe to be on the point of dawning over the whole field of English art. Year after year, we think we perceive less of extravagance, and a further return to that pure school which has the old Greek canons for its guides—the only ones fitted to Art working in hard and colourless marble. Satisfied to find these things—which are the essentials—safe, we are still more so to know that the causes for the absence of what further we should have desired (and especially desired—and cannot be content to remain without, because they are the greater ends, to which all these other qualities are but means,) sufficiently proclaim themselves in this Exhibition,—and are no reproach to the sculptor. This year, as last—and more than last,—here and up stairs,—the misfortune of the collection—the bane of art—the paltriest form which the public encouragement of it can take—is portraiture. Nowhere is this so much felt as in Sculpture; which deals with thew and sinew, and can even reach physiologically, through the rounded limb and pronounced muscle, to the moral attributes, for their abstract expression,—but wants colour, and some other of the resources of art, for individual portraiture. For busts, in which all these objections are exaggerated, we have often expressed our want of sympathy; yet they form the largest, as they do the most excellent, part of the present Exhibition. Monumental Sculpture, if executed on right principles, detaches itself badly from the place and accessories to which it belongs, for exhibition in a miscellaneous collection like this. Some of its meanings must necessarily here be lost, for want of the needful reference, and the fitting tone. The class of subjects which will best bear bringing together in this sort of assemblage are precisely those imaginative and abstract ones—having the entire design included within themselves; the complete thought of the artist wrought out in the compass of his marble,—for which commissions are least freely given, in our days; subjects which are the finest poetry of the sculptor's art—but which, for the most part, he adopts with the poet's proverbial fate before his eyes. Yet, as we have hinted, there are several works of much merit, of this class, in the present Exhibition; though they would please us better, if the British sculptor, borrowing from the Greek his principles, without his subjects, would be content to illustrate the poetical mythology and rich literature of his native land. It will take half a century of imaginative Sculpture to exhaust Shakespeare alone: and we should be more indifferent than we are to that excellence which our Sculptors have attained in the technicals of their art, and in all the qualities which are the basis of excellence, if we believed that they were only to apply these materials to the continual repetition of subjects which the Greek has tolerably well illustrated for himself, without our help,—and which have not for us the character of consecration that recommended them to him; instead of

walking in monument and drama of the most attained subjects, as its principle right to add, mean, down Art must tion of its selves. T tively clear all the res Chantrey himself to amid which lish Sculpt the adopti troy was a fatal to the energies, cannot ap to new c the disco copy the themes au is to be ting that frame its hope to o nation itic, to the standing, subject t Diomed— W. E. M. the gold is a very vigorous profession and Mr. works? terest? other an stairs— arrested as she c of Bailey would n cept a lingering thing if The the pict lauchol greatest Academ the Ex reprer Sir Ch mercha James the fin grande chisel which manne and th city wh ture a Richar absent which The y lection mentat Famil what pray mark the m and g gives But h nem altoget vigor whose

walking in the English highways, and setting up the monuments of art in the rich fields where our bards and dramatists and historians have trod. It is one of the most remarkable triumphs of a school which attained such perfection, and has left such matchless models, as the Greek, that not only has it bequeathed its principles—which, because they are true, we are right to adopt—but has, besides, impressed the European, down even to our own day, with the notion that Art must of necessity be classical,—and that a portion of its spirit resides in the Greek themes themselves. The sooner the English Sculptor gets entirely clear of this mistake, the sooner will he have all the resources of his native school at his command. Chantrey set him an illustrious example, devoting himself to the illustration of the feelings and forms amid which he lived. It is this mistake of the English Sculptor which constitutes him an imitator, (for the adoption of principles is not imitation,—or Chantrey was an imitator, too;) and imitation must be fatal to the free and full expansion of a people's energies, in whatever line directed. They who cannot apply principles, ready-made to their hands, to new conditions, would never have been led to the discovery of the principles themselves. To copy the Greek, in the representation of Greek themes and feelings—foreign to the English heart—is to be essentially un-Greek: and, while it is fitting that a school of art shall get its principles, and frame its canons, as learnedly as it can, it must not hope to carry the public sympathy—and so make a nation its patrons—but by addressing itself, in practice, to the popular heart and the popular understanding. In this Exhibition, for instance, we have a subject twice repeated.—*Venus rescuing Æneas from Diomed*—(1275) by Mr. Foley, and (1287) by Mr. W. E. Marshall. The latter of these groups obtained the gold medal of the Royal Academy, in 1841; and is a very fine work—conceived with great spirit and vigorously modelled. But how many of the non-professional visitors to the Academy do Mr. Foley and Mr. Marshall find lingering near their respective works? For whom has the subject the slightest interest? Where are the crowds that succeed each other around Maclean's Shakespeare Illustrations, up stairs—or the instant appreciation that irresistibly arrested the foot of every visitor beside Milton's Eve, as she came, in her exceeding beauty, from the hand of Bailey? It is probable that such a subject as this would not be thought of by any English artist, except a Sculptor—and by him, only because of that lingering superstition, which deems Sculpture “nothing if not” classical.

The Sculpture Collection, in the Cave, and that of the pictures, up stairs, have each one feature of melancholy interest—exhibiting to us the last of the greatest master in each of their departments—both Academicians, and both gone to untimely graves, since the Exhibition of last year. The great sculptor is represented here by two works, *A Statue in marble of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart.*, commissioned by the native merchants of Bombay (1304), and *A Marble Bust of James Morrison, Esq.*, M.P. (1409). The statue wants the finishing hand of the master; but has all that grandeur of outline and breadth of drapery which his chisel has communicated to so many a marble, and which were the Greek contributions to his English manner. In busts, Chantrey was never excelled; and this of Mr. Morrison has the beauty and simplicity which, in his hands, gave to that form of sculpture all the interest of which it is susceptible. Sir Richard Westmacott is now, for the third year, absent from the Sculpture room—an absence to which we have not yet learnt to reconcile ourselves. The younger Westmacott has contributed to the collection one of its most beautiful marbles, *A Monumental Angel*, part of a group at the entrance to a Family Vault (1299)—in attitude and expression what the angel should be who sits by the tomb, to pray away its shadows. We have, heretofore, remarked of this artist, that in all his performances, the most conspicuous qualities are their refinement and grace of thought,—to which his fineness of hand gives full development and eloquent expression. But he has to be on his guard against the seductiveness of these very qualities; lest they win him away altogether from that more severe conception and vigorous handling which are the master-genii by whose spell the great things of his art are achieved—

and have, at the same time, the beautiful for one of their ministers. In connexion with this figure of Westmacott's, we may mention a kindred work of great merit, though unfinished, by Mr. P. MacDowell, —*Prayer, a Statue in Marble* (1295), full of devotional character,—a character which the very full of the drapery, exquisitely arranged, is made to help. We remember that this artist exhibited last year a kneeling figure of a female child, in the attitude of prayer,—which we noted for its beauty of form; but are not certain, from memory, if it were the model—or a study—for the statue before us. We rather think it was the original of this figure,—which is beautiful in its simplicity; but, to the face, in the marble, is given an expression of childish earnestness, in aid of the character conveyed by the attitude, which we believe we felt to be wanting in the model exhibited last year. Mr. MacDowell has another work, *The Fountain-Glass* (1296), which pleased us less—though our ears informed us that it had many admirers. Baily we miss on his own appropriate ground, where he has no living rival—poetical Sculpture, taking English forms—or borrowing some mere abstraction from the Greek, and clothing it in a natural beauty which the English heart can understand. The absence of some such work of his as the ‘Eve,’ or the ‘Sleeping Nymph,’ is one of the most sensible lacunæ of the Exhibition. In the place of these, he is a contributor to the giants who have taken possession of the floor of the house, and put the little men on the shelves. *A Statue of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm* (1277), is a noble work, magnificently moulded, and wrought to perfection:—and the *Model of a Statue to be executed in Marble, of Sir Astley Cooper* (1298), has rendered the eminent surgeon with spirit and fidelity, and is a work of vigour and intelligence. The same Sculptor's *Model of a Statue of Lord Viscount Nelson*, to be executed 18 feet high, in Stone, and to be placed upon the Column now erecting in Trafalgar Square (1273) is precisely such a work as we cannot accept from Baily,—exhibiting reality carried to extreme in the hands of our most ideal Sculptor. No doubt, the model is a fine and life-like one; but never did we see the naval uniform—an ungraceful one at any time—look to such disadvantage as it does in plaster—despite the star and the cocked hat. The natural plainness of the great Commander is exaggerated into ugliness; and we rejoice, for Mr. Baily's sake, and the hero's, and our own, that it is to be put away, out of sight, on the column in Trafalgar Square.

But the gem of this Exhibition, to our thinking, among its works of the fanciful kind, is a small Sketch, by Behnes, *The Lady Godiva* (1346)—a study—or indeed model, for it is perfect—for a larger work, which we shall think him fortunate who is the first to commission in marble. Here is an illustration of one of our own traditions, in art of a very high character. The Lady Godiva is on her steed; and nothing can exceed the spirited execution of both horse and rider. The former, as he bows his head to his pawing feet, is full of life, and the lady sits in the easy and unconstrained attitude of her own conscious purity and supposed freedom from observation. The sketch is full of character—a model of modelling.

Surely, by some strange accident or other, the Sculptor of *The Babes in the Wood* (1278), Mr. F. Bell, has somewhere had a glimpse of Chantrey's ‘Sleeping Children.’ The two groups are a wonderful coincidence, if he has not; and if he has—a very unblushing plagiarism. Here, a clever artist throws away his time and his reputation; because no portion of such merit as the really beautiful group has, save the chiselling, can we allow to Mr. Bell. Mr. E. W. Wyon has a group, in relief, *Oberon and Titania* (1288)—not easily got at, but worth the attempt; Mr. Carew a *Figure in Marble of a Girl trapping a Bird* (1290)—unfinished, but well worth finishing—full of sweetness in the expression, and youthful grace in the attitude. *Lucy Fielding* (1300) by Mr. E. G. Papworth, is from the same chisel that, last year, sketched Dickens's ‘Little Nelly’ in her marble sleep, and partakes of the same character of tenderness and mournful beauty. Mr. Papworth, we may observe, is of the School of Chantrey, and both these works of his are of the sleeping-children class, in that school. But though his ideas are referable enough to their source, he, at any rate, avoids the wholesale plagiarism

of Mr. Bell. He must, however, be more original, ere he need look for fame; but the thought which he catches from another, he, at least, clothes in a language of his own—not transferring both the inspiration and its expression summarily and boldly to his clay or his marble. Of his two works, ‘Little Nelly’ touched us most; but we see, this is a favourite with the public—and that we admit as one of the tests of art.

Last year, we pointed out to Mr. Park how much better, in our opinion, he succeeded in rendering the moral qualities of such individuals as choose to sit to him for portrait, than in presenting the same qualities in abstract forms—which last intention of his issues in caricature. We referred him to the school of Plato, for some useful teaching; but he has obviously preferred to carry out his own notions, and has given the academy another monster. Last year, we had ‘A Statue in marble of a Warrior possessed of emulation, energy and resolution,’—represented by a huge bully, with a prodigious development of thews and sinews, and the expression of a prize-fighter. This year, we have *A Greek Warrior crouching, illustrative of caution and resolution* (1291). The warrior is a very ill-looking fellow, in a very questionable attitude; less offensive than his predecessor, and less conspicuously placed—but still we recommend Mr. Park to abide by his marble portraits. The stoop of this Greek warrior suggests that of an Indian on the trail; and his muscular pronunciations are an entirely new anatomical demonstration, which would ensure the original, if he could be caught in the flesh, a place in a museum,—after the “caution and resolution” of which, according to Mr. Park, such things as these are the expression, should have done their final work. Of this artist's portraits there are several in the present Exhibition; some good busts and a striking and clever *Model of a statue of Michael T. Sadler, Esq.*, M.P. (1282). The Senator is represented “in his armour as he lived”—the short and lappelled drawing-room coat of modern European costume, but new, we should think, to sculpture—in the act of addressing the mixed mob of marble and human forms mingled together below the platform on which he stands, and enforcing his argument with his raised glove. Here we have as little of the ideal as can be conceived in a work of pure art; and more of the positive and conventional than has been generally deemed fitted for sculpture-treatment, yet the effect is good. The likeness is admirable, conveying the character of the man in face and attitude; and should be a new and eloquent warning to Mr. Park where his strength lies, and what are its limits.

Summer, a statue in marble (1301), by Mr. Nixon, is another of that series representing “the Seasons,” for the Hall of the Goldsmith's Company, of which the artist had already exhibited the “Spring” and the “Winter,” in the two preceding years. There is no marble more beautiful than this in the Exhibition. The subject did not admit of that bold and original handling which the “Winter” displayed; but a fresh summer beauty seems breathed from the figure—laughs in its eyes, and buoys up its light tread; and all the accessories are cut with exquisite precision. Mr. Nixon is his own designer—thinks for himself, and embodies his thought by careful execution. These figures will place him in the first rank of our sculptors.—Mr. Macdonald's *Statue in marble of a Bacchante* (1293) is a figure of great beauty and finely chiselled, but wanting in the wild and voluptuous character—as the face is in the free and riotous expression—which the name suggests. We should certainly not have wronged this figure with the name of a Bacchante, without the prompting of the Catalogue. This is the point at which the well-trained sculptor may, yet, stop short of greatness—the culminating principle of his art lies here. Here lay the secret of Greek excellence, after the time of Phidias—the spell-word of all the marvels which the centuries that immediately followed bequeathed to the rest of time. All the technicals of his art the sculptor may have consummated; its material forms may come perfect from his hands, as from those of Myron and his school; but till he can give character to his marble, he has not reached the poetry of his art, and will add none to the miracles of sculpture that “enchant the world.” Mr. Macdonald has another figure in this Exhibition—a *Statue in marble of*

Hyacinthus (1294),—which is a sweet and pleasing work.

The Busts, as we have said, are numerous, generally good, and many excellent. We can name but a few; and we speak principally of the workmanship,—although workmanship and resemblance must combine to make up the merit of a bust. For this reason, it is probable that, where there are so many that are admirable, each critic may make a different selection, according to his greater or less familiarity with the originals whom they represent. The question of art alone we meddle with in our selection of a few. The place of honour must be given here,—as it is in the Sculpture-Room—to a marble bust of *H.R.H. Prince Albert* (1268), by Mr. Sievier, presenting at once an excellent likeness and a very beautiful work of art. Mr. Francis's bust of *Her Majesty*, by its side (1267), is scarcely a worthy companion. Behnes, who has now no superior in this department, has here some of his best. *A marble Bust of Thomas Poynder, Esq.* (1384), and one of *Alderman Lucas* (1389), are of the highest merit, vigorous in the handling, and full of character. *A marble Bust of Sir William Molesworth* (1355) by the same artist, is likewise in his best manner. Mr. R. Westmacott has some good busts of females finely wrought; but we have been more pleased with his treatment on former occasions. His *Bust of Miss Egerton, of Tatton* (1408), is the best. Mr. Campbell has a *Marble Bust of the Marchioness of Douro*, (1393), and Mr. Moore one of *The Countess of Charlemont* (1387), which have great beauty. *A marble Bust of Sir William Follett, M.P.* (1327), by Mr. E. B. Stephens, is deserving of particular notice:—and with the mention of Mr. Lough's *Marble Bust of D. Blaine, Esq.* (1360), Mr. Park's of *Allan Fullerton, Esq.*, of Greenock (1366), and Mr. Joseph's of *David Barclay, Esq.* we must bring our notice of the sculptures to a close.

That in days like ours, we have found so much that deserves praise at all, augurs, we repeat, well for the British School of Sculpture, and the foundations on which it is finally laid; and we would again remark, for its encouragement, that we believe a time is coming—and not distant—which will call its best powers into exercise, and make it more independent of Academies and Exhibitions than it has hitherto been. That alliance between the arts, of which we see the first conditions being laid—which makes each the handmaid of the other, and, by the union of all, brings out the highest meanings, and develops the most extended capacities of each,—will give birth to architectonic sculpture amongst us, and greatly extend the practice of sculptural decoration. When the demand shall arise, it is gratifying to know that we have a body of sculptors trained and prepared for all that it may require: and we shall rejoice to see all the bust-makers in the land employed in enriching our temples, great public institutions, palaces and mansions, with monuments drawn from native sources, and giving their lessons in a language intelligible to the national heart.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

LAST week was sold at Messrs. Christie & Manson's the celebrated 'Rabbit on the Wall,' we need not say by what painter. Most persons know this work from engravings, and will be glad to learn some additional particulars which the picture itself alone can furnish. It is on panel, about fifteen inches wide, by eighteen high: signed, D. Wilkie, 1816. The general tone a warm yellowish brown, very bright in the middle-distance, and darkened gradually in the perspective behind, suddenly towards the front. Correggio's famous 'Notte' dictated this powerful style of chiaroscuro, as it did every other like attempt by various ancient masters; but Wilkie approaches the model closer, spreading the central blaze from face to face of his group, with that soft diffusion and peculiar sphericity in the effect which distinguishes it from the conflagrations of Rembrandt, and the bonfires of Honthorst. Perhaps a Cottier's farthing-candle was less adapted than a Divine Infant to emit so much lustre; it was a means less well imagined for the production of its end: however propriety, though an admirable thing, stands much in the way of poetry.—first-rate spirits can alone combine them, and even they not always. As regards execution, the 'Rabbit' is said to be of Wilkie's best period;

we think a little past it; his later mannerism begins to display itself, and a diminished carefulness of pencilling. His genius, like many a great artist's, we conjecture to have been essentially slow and elaborative, one which effort did not break down but bend up, whose energies much thought and toil called forth, not wore out, each after the other. By premature attempt at facile and off-hand workmanship, the background of this picture has now become sunk and feeble, the foreground patched with indistinct, over-dark masses; so that the three distances unite ill into one composition. Yet we should be content had Wilkie never painted worse! A severe critic might say there was "canvas to let" at the top. Any eulogium upon the merits of so well-established a favourite we shall waive as superfluous. John Turner, Esq. was the original possessor, and from his collection it has now passed into or through a picture-dealer's hands for 700 guineas. Some other works painted for the same patron of Modern Art, were likewise dispersed among different Mæcenases, who however paid no very liberal prices to make good that title. 'A Nymph withholding the Bow from Cupid,' by Hilton, brought but 74 guineas, not as much as many a one of Wilkie's Sketches—his *Oriental sketches*—brought the previous week. Yet Hilton's picture above-said has great excellencies in colour, impasto, and poetic feeling: strange enough, that a work of our best draughtsman should display every other merit rather than good draughtsmanship! What a trumpet-tongue does this fact speak with—though our Academicians can no more hear it, through their "muddy vestures of decay," than songs of the young-eyed Cherubim! A very clever picture, the 'March of Baggage-Waggons,' by Clennell—poor Luke Clennell, now a subject for some deeper-thoughted Akenside, who would sing the 'Woes of Imagination,'—his *chef-d'œuvre* brought but 19 guineas. It possesses the spirit of a *Callot* and the wild energy of a *Salvator*, wanting their respective accompaniments—finish and elevation—which give all their perfection to both. But a more real storm never blew over Bagshot hill! 'The Morning Star,' by Howard, one of his nymph-pieces, not too like a group of busts at a hair-dresser's, 30 guineas. 'Richard and Saladin at the Battle of Ascalon,' by A. Cooper, 41 guineas: 'Skirmish between Cavaliers and Roundheads,' by ditto, much less hard and flat, much higher in conception and better in character, 39 guineas. 'A Grey Pony and Donkeys in a Woodland Dell,' by Ward, mannered as usual, but very good notwithstanding, 45 guineas. The remainder of this small collection drew moderate prices, and deserved proportional praise.

The Horticultural Society's first exhibition for the season took place this day week, with the finest of weather and under the highest auspices, Her Majesty and Prince Albert being present. The show of flowers and fruits was splendid; and the general arrangement and disposition appeared to have undergone some improvement. More than six thousand persons were present.

A meeting was held on Wednesday last at the rooms of the Statistical Society, the Bishop of St. David's in the chair, for the purpose of forming a Philological Society. The proposed objects of the Society are the investigation of the structure, the affinities, and the history of languages; and the illustration of the classical writers of Greece and Rome.

Mr. Burford is seasonable as well as skilful in his offerings to the public; his Panorama for the season being no other than a view of the city of Cabul and the surrounding country. A more interesting panorama, or a more beautiful picture, we do not recollect in Leicester Square. The scenery is striking:—the town, crowned by its picturesque Bala Hissar, being skirted on every side by towering hills, which stretch away into the horizon, with a tantalizing promise of vistas and valleys, and passes, so delightful to the artist, but so formidable to the professors of the strategic art. There is no lack of characteristic figures and costumes in the foreground:—and the middle and furthest distances are painted with a delicacy and truth of effect, which, as we said, have hardly a precedent, even in Mr. Burford's cleverly executed gallery of foreign scenes.

Since the marvellous Little Bell at Strawberry sounded out its maker's name as Benvenuto Cellini,

every embossed pint-pot and platter re-echoes with cracked tintinnabulous voice similar pretensions. Great Tom of Oxford does not utter his *bin-bom* more proudly, nor the *bourdon* of Saint Sulpice, nor we dare say that brazen cupola with a clapper at the Kremlin which rings an alarm throughout all the Russias. However, emulation has brought to light some claimants of great merit, among many of little or none. We have just seen one specimen consigned to Messrs. Storr & Mortimer for sale in this country, and it will gather, at least, golden opinions. It consists of a *Beaker* and *Patera* in silver gilt, decorated with arabesques. The general forms may not be so noble as Etruscan nor so pure as Greek, nor the enrichments so fine as Raffael's nor so fanciful as Cellini's, but those are handsome, and these well-imagined, well-varied, and well-wrought. The *Patera* seems by a superior hand, its workmanship more spirited than that of the *Beaker*. Perhaps in assigning any particular artist, *Briot* were a safer guess than Cellini, whose mental fire gleams, so to say, from every point of his sharp and vivacious execution, as if each, for the time, were the seat of his soul. But we should rather ascribe it to a *German* than either a French or Italian whitemith; not only its style of composition and drawing suggests this idea, but certain details of *costume* (i.e. in a large sense, national customs), appear to confirm our supposition. We are told the Milanese proprietress demands for this splendid chattel 5000*l.* sterling,—a good dower in England, a gold mine in Italy!

The daily papers announce by advertisement the establishment of a stage-coach communication between Cairo & Suez! Here is the march of civilization. But a few years since, it was supposed that camels or dromedaries, from their power of enduring thirst, could alone traverse those arid plains, and penetrate the solitude of the desert. Now we have hotels established at regular intervals, with relays of horses, and a coach running, which performs the journey regularly in about eighteen hours. The announcement at the close of the advertisement is amusing,—“Refreshments and provisions supplied in the Desert at very moderate charges.”

The identity of the unfortunate Admiral Dumont d'Urville has been fully established; a fact of some interest, although the circumstantial evidence left no possible doubt of his having been involved, with his family, in the dreadful calamity, which will long make the "*rive gauche*" a name of fear in Paris. The mind broods lingeringly, and never satisfied, over that sort of mystery which belongs to a mere "*non est inventus*"—which tells the story of death only by the fact of those whom, last, we knew as the living, never coming home! This is a feeling which extends far beyond the waiting hearts within that narrow circle; and we believe there are, yet, thousands in England to whom a single plank of the *President*, floated up, would bring a sensible relief—as the visible key to a riddle, of whose solution there is, yet, not any, the smallest, doubt—a something to which the fancy, weary with long expatiating over the unwritten field of the "great waters," might surely and finally cling. Our readers will remember it, as a touching incident now—in the presence of that calamity which has involved husband and wife and child in the same strange fate, that the enterprising navigator gave the name (*Adèle*) of this young wife to the long coast-line (*Adélie*) by which he sailed in search of the Southern Pole, amid shoals and shadows which offered many a chance against their ever meeting again. France is paying to her distinguished son such honours as a nation can pay to her illustrious dead. The Minister of Marine has ordered him a public funeral; the Municipal Council of Paris has voted a "*concession à perpétuité*" of ground in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, for a grave (which his wife and child are to share with him);—and the Geographical Society has opened a subscription for a monument to his memory.

While speaking of the deaths of illustrious men, a line will not be misplaced in our paper, to record that of the Count de Las Cases—for the sake of that "antique faith" which led him to share his master's long exile at St. Helena; one of a chosen few, the followers of his fallen fortunes.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered that a monument to Titian shall be erected at Venice, at a cost

to the statue

We shall be glad to hear of the statue of M. Hecker, who has been reported to be the author of the 9th inst. of the Queen of the trial of J. its integr. were laid with the guerite Les Cout. manoir; and of V. objects of the ably awa. cation of France.—sum of r. Joachim Marneille sculptor, Besancon to be cr. Jeffroy by his t. month.

THE EIG. of PAINT. Gallery, Fl. from 9 o'c.

The Two. OF ALAC. by M. B. B. Bethlehem by D. B. of light and

May 1. A. Aden, J. Harris I.N., w. ber) in posing daily g. A com. thing a proceed vinct: mouth line. and ha minute service trigono Ras F. Christo during pernu opinion import to show porium more 2. Valley 1837) Dead G. H. source

to the state of 230,000 florins, in the church in which the statue of Canova is placed.

We shall here string together some few paragraphs gleaned from the Paris papers.—The Cardinal Angelo Mai has been elected a Foreign Associate of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, in place of M. Heeren; and M. Anatole Barthélemy a Member of the Antiquarian Society.—The Minister of War has appointed a commission from amongst the Members of the Institute, to select and arrange the reports and documents of the Scientific Commission of Algeria, with a view to their publication, as a sequel to the great works on Egypt and the Morea.—The Historical Society held its annual meeting on the 9th inst.: the report of the Secretary stated that the subscribers had received, in the course of the year, the correspondence (unpublished) of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis the First, and the trial of Joan of Arc, published, for the first time, in its integrity. Three other volumes, just completed, were laid on the table: the *Memoirs*, of which we have already spoken more than once, together with the unpublished letters of that other Marguerite who was the first wife of Henry IV.; *Les Costumes de Beauvoisis*, by Philippe de Beaumanoir; and the unpublished *Memoirs* of Coligny, of Villette on the reign of Louis XIV. The objects of this Association, as our readers are probably aware, are limited to the discovery and publication of original works relating to the History of France.—The Minister of the Interior has granted a sum of money towards the erection of a statue to Joachim Murat, at Cahors. The municipality of Marseilles is about to erect a statue to Puget, the sculptor, in that city. The Academy of Sciences at Besançon has opened a subscription for a monument to be erected in that city, to the memory of M. Jeoffroy; and the monument to René Caillé, erected by his townsmen at Mauze, will be opened next month.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, Pall Mall, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock till dusk. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

THE TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOURG; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. RENOU, from a Sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A. in 1830. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 9.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair.

1. An extract of a letter from Capt. Haines, dated Aden, April 9th, was read: "Dispatches from Capt. Harris had been brought to Aden by Lieut. Barker, I.N., who had accomplished the journey (from Anker) in eighteen days' travelling. The officers composing the mission were in excellent health, and were daily gaining the confidence of the King (of Shoa). A commercial treaty had been ratified, and every thing appeared in a prosperous way. Dr. Beke had proceeded to the southward to explore the next province: he was well and hearty. It appears that the mouth of the Foochus opens into the sea near the line. This, Capt. Haines says, he has long heard of, and has in consequence recommended, that it be minutely explored. He further adds, that when the service will admit of it, he intends to complete the trigonometrical survey of the Somali coast, between Ras Felix and Berbera, intrusting the duty to Lieut. Christopher, I.N. Captain Haines promises to keep during the warm season a correct register of temperature, and concludes his letter by expressing his opinion that Aden must eventually become a very important place; its rapid increase, he says, will tend to show that it may hereafter be a mercantile emporium: in 1839 the population was 600; it is now more than 20,000.

2. A paper by Mr. Beek was then read, 'On the Valley of the Jordan.' Mr. Beek was the first (in 1837) to draw attention to the depression of the Dead Sea, which he explored in company with Mr. G. H. Moore. Considering the present height of the source of the Jordan, and that a line from it to

Akabah would afford a slope amply sufficient for carrying off the water of the river and its affluent torrents, to the Red Sea, and considering also the present appearance of the Valley of the Ghor, Mr. Beek is of opinion, that the Jordan formerly flowed into the Red Sea; that its progress thither has been arrested by volcanic convulsions, which, while they formed the chasm now filled by the Dead Sea, upraised the ridge called El Saté. Mr. Beek quotes passages of Scripture in support of his opinion, which is in direct opposition to that of M. de Bertout.

3. The last paper of the evening was an extract from a Report of Captain Harris, containing some account of Hurrur, as obtained from a native of Goo-borooh, a village near Aliu-amba. Hurrur is a place much resorted to by surrounding tribes, especially in the dry season. To the north dwell the tribe of the Goorgoorah, who are Mohammedans, and subject to the Essah Somaali; to the south, the tribe of Orgoobah Galla; and to the east, the Nooli and Alla Galla. The Galla are generally Pagans, though there are a few Mohammedans among them. From Errur to Hurrur the road is stony, but level enough for guns on their carriages. The town of Hurrur itself may be said to be situated about 150 miles to the S.S.W. of Zeylah, in a verdant valley, almost surrounded by hills: it has a wall round it of stones and mud, which is kept in good repair; its height is about 12 feet, and the thickness 3 feet, and is in circumference two hours quick marching. There are five gates through which different Kaffilahs enter and depart. The houses of the town are generally built of stone, and whitewashed, and have flat roofs. The Emir and a few of the principal people have houses of two stories. There are numerous mosques, the principal of which is called El Juma; it has two tall minarets. The town is well supplied with water from numerous springs in its vicinity; but there are neither springs nor wells within the walls. The ruler of Hurrur governs with the title of Emir: the succession is hereditary, as is the case in Shoa. The male relatives of the reigning prince are all confined; it is said they are shut up in vaults, from which they are seldom allowed to emerge. Should the Emir, however, at any time need their services, they are released, and frequently preferred to situations of great trust; but on the slightest suspicion that they are plotting against the government, or should they become too popular, they are speedily sent back to their vaults. The military force of Hurrur is very small, consisting of from 150 to 200 matchlock men, 100 cavalry armed with long spears, 60 spearmen on foot, and a few archers; yet insignificant as this force really is, the matchlock-men alone render it far superior to that of the neighbouring tribes, who have a great dread of fire-arms; they have not even a single matchlock in their possession. The Galla are, however, good horsemen, and frequently manage to surprise the Hurruri when least expected, though they have never been able to enter the town. The principal occupation of the people is tilling the soil, which produces coffee, wheat, millet, barley, &c.; they have also a variety of fruits and vegetables. 2,000 bales of coffee are annually exported, and come to Europe as Mocha coffee. The dress of the people resembles that of Shoa. Hurrur may be considered a great commercial town. Large Kaffilahs arrive at, and depart from it, the principal of which consists of about 2,000 camels. The language of the Hurruri bears an affinity to that of the Amharic: but they are said to use the Arabic character in their writings. The climate is similar to that of Shoa, but less cold. The paper contained much valuable information on the routes and the courses of the rivers.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 18.—B. Roth, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Walker explained his patent Water Elevator. The principle of action of this machine is momentum. It is simply a pump barrel or tube, fitted with a common spindle-valve, opening upwards, near its lower extremity. The lower end of the tube being immersed in the water, a reciprocating vertical motion, of very short range, and of considerable velocity, is communicated to it by attachment to a short crank. The quick motion is produced by connecting a small drum on the crank-shaft with the large driving wheel. The up-stroke of the tube having communicated momentum to the water within it, the tube is suddenly forced down-

wards, before the upward motion of the water is destroyed by gravitation; an additional quantity is admitted through the valve, and when the tube is filled, the water is discharged in a continuous stream from the upper end, which is curved for the convenience of delivery. Oats and other solid bodies were drawn from the well by the pump, and delivered with the water in large quantities. The object of this experiment was to show that, as it is very difficult to choke this machine, it is particularly adapted to the purpose of a ship's pump. Several reports from Committees were read, and fifteen members were proposed for election.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.—May 17.—Mr. Walker, the Secretary, read a paper, 'On Lightning Conductors;' he took for his subject the damage done to the steeple of Brixton church, by the thunder-storm of Sunday, April the 24th. The error of placing discontinuous conductors at such elevations as church-steeple present, was evinced in this case. An insulated cross surmounting the steeple, and an iron pipe, also insulated, gave the flash the opportunity of passing through twenty and then ten feet of air. The consequent explosions were attended with serious damage. The "lateral discharge" was much dwelt on by the author; as a subject of great difficulty. At Brixton, the fluid left one conductor for another, for no other cause than that it obtained by this means a wider path. And it was shown, that this property of electricity desiring a wider path, as well as a direct one, renders a badly placed lightning rod a source of danger, instead of security. To prevent the "lateral discharge," wherever the probability occurs, it was recommended to convert it into a certainty,—that is, whenever it seemed possible that electricity might pass from conductor to conductor, it should be compelled to pass through a good metallic connexion, by which it could pass safely.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Geographical Society, 1 P.M.—Annual.
TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Description of the Machinery used for working the Diving Bell at Kingston Harbour, by P. Henderson.—Description of a Steam Dredging Boat on the Caledonian Canal, by W. Elliot.—Description of the Maplin Sand Lighthouse, by J. B. Redman.
— Zoological Society, 4 p. 8.—Scientific Business.
— Linnean Society, 1.—Anniversary.
WED. Medical-Botanical Society, 8.
— Society of Arts, 8.—On Dredges & Co's Patent Dry Gas-meter.
— Microscopical Society, 8.
THURS. Royal Society, 4 p. 8.
— Numismatic Society, 7.
— Royal Society of Literature, 4.
— Society of Antiquaries, 8.
FRI. Royal Institution, 4 p. 8.—Experimental Researches on the Connexion between Ventilation and Respiration, by Dr. Bowtell Reid.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.—German Opera.—'Tis true, 'tis pity, that the German opera is this year, scantily patronized: where the fault lies it is not wholly impossible, we think, to point out. *In primis*, the company, as it stands, has but one singer, who is Herr Staudigl, and one voice, the property of Madame Stöckl Heinefetter. Then the other zealous artists, who make up the corps, are called out in a repertory anything but German. This will startle those who have not looked into the matter: but the fact is, that Bellini, Halévy, Auber, and Meyerbeer, are far more generally in request in the land of Herr Mellinger and Herr Abresch, than Mozart, or Weber, or Beethoven; there is hardly a *fran*, or *fräulein*, who does not imagine herself equal to *Norma's* roudles or *Adina's* vocal coquetries; scarcely a *Herr* who does not dream of Rubini, Duprez, and Lablache, rather than of the music of his country, in which the singer must be subordinate to the composer. If this want of nationality led the vocalists to study the refinements of Italian singing, it might, in some sort, be excused; but alas! for the most part German *soprani* and tenors offer the will for the deed, and German audiences accept the same. Hence, a *Löwe* will, at home, be rated along with the *Pastas* and *Malibran*s, who shall not be able to make a place in Paris or London, or to keep one in any Italian town of pretension. Then, again, this deficiency in vocal art needlessly narrows the original German repertory, with which we, not desiring versions of French or Italian works, long to become familiar. Beyond Mozart's 'Figaro,' and 'Don Juan,' and 'Zauberflöte,' coarsely sung, the artists rarely venture. The

disastrous murder done last year on his beautiful 'Il Seraglio' (Staudigl's admirable comedy excepted) is still in our ears; and if we were rash enough to ask for the 'Idomeneo'—a treasury of some of the composer's finest choral effects—we should be met on every side by the same impotence to treat the music as it deserves. At once, we will boldly say, that none of the operas are given with the demanded precision. We are used to the music of 'Der Freischütz' and 'Fidelio,' and Mozart's three operas, and honour the choral and orchestral spirit of the performance; but in compositions less familiar, a general slovenliness of effect engenders a disrespectful ennui,—few of the public having enough artistic zeal to repair to a theatre for the purpose of learning a strange score by ear. Thus, the revival of Gluck's 'Iphigenia' has made no sign;—thus, the production of Spontini's 'La Vestale' has been followed by nothing, save (under favour) a singular number of misstatements on the part of our contemporaries: which we take leave to correct. One treats 'La Vestale' as an Italian opera (!);—another as an exotic work, merely crammed down Berlin throats by the court influence of Spontini: all agree in denouncing it as second-rate, &c. &c., without having heard the music properly given. Now, as regards its origin, we believe that 'La Vestale' was written for Paris, and has never pleased in an Italian dress, from the circumstance of its demanding a stricter style of performance than the Signors and Signoras will submit to. From the Grand Opera of Paris, always a treasury whence the German managements have drawn, 'La Vestale' circulated throughout Germany triumphantly; and hence, its composer was invited to take charge of one of its two greatest national theatres. It would be like a recital of the alphabet to repeat these particulars elsewhere than in England; but there is a resolute determination on our parts (John Bull may know why, St. Cecilia does not!) to ignore the claims and merits of French opera; as if we were any the richer for "turning away money from our doors," or veneration of the Germans meant disgust of the works they have naturalized as classics. As regards the merit of the work, should 'Die Vestalin' be repeated again, we will do our best to defend the Berliners, the Dresdeners, the Frankforters, and the Viennese, against their English admirers!

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fifth concert must have been interesting to those who, like ourselves, are always ready to widen the circle of their musical experiences, in right of the MS. symphony by Herr Molique, with which it opened. The name of the composer will be an assurance that the work was cleverly written; we had expected, however, greater freshness of melody, if not greater originality of form; and were disappointed on finding in the minuet a strong reminiscence of Mozart's minuet from the G minor symphony, and in the *finale*, one of the most salient points of the same master's 'Jupiter' *finale*. In short, we cannot but recollect more interesting symphonies once performed by the Philharmonic band, which are never or rarely to be heard, (as one by Onslow, several by Ries, and Mendelssohn's work in C minor,) or tried, and which never have been performed (witness Lachner's prize symphony), or proposed, and which never have been even tried (a disrespect absolutely shown to a symphony by Schubert, forwarded with the highest continental recommendations). Calling these things to mind, we cannot but once again take leave to express our wonder at the principles of selection which actuate the Philharmonic management. Then, again, as regards position in the programme, could a more murderous measure have been devised, than the placing of Mendelssohn's thoughtful and imaginative 'Meerestille' overture at the close of the concert?—a work demanding unworn powers of attention, or at least deserving an audience undisturbed by preparations for departure. But these strictures, we fear, though they may relieve our conscience, will accomplish little good. The moiety of Beethoven's septett was very clumsily played: each performer choosing to adopt his own reading of the composition, while the Pastoral Symphony was dislocated by a spirited resolution on the part of the orchestra to be independent of the control of Mr. W. S. Bennett, the conductor, who gave out the first three movements in German time, which his subjects executed in English tempo: a constant strife

being thus kept up, most detrimental in effect. In the *finale*, the conductor seemed to us in fault, as pushing to a gallop a strain meant by the composer merely to move cheerfully forward. The singers who took part in this unsatisfactory concert, were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss M. B. Hawes, and Mr. Machin.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—There was more than usual of the old Ancient Concert taste in the entertainment directed by the Archbishop of York for the King of Hanover. But an assemblage of stock pieces such as Martini's overture to 'Henri Quatre,' Haydn's 'God preserve the Emperor,' &c. would not, once in a season, discontent us, whether on the score of preference or principle;—were but such familiar compositions given us with the "emphasis and discretion" of steady time and delicate finish. Neither of these good qualities are to be looked for under the presidency of Mr. Bishop. On the present occasion all the *minuet* grace of 'Charmante Gabrielle' was lost in a sort of lagging movement; while in Haydn's hymn, there was hardly a dotted note which was not mystified by the singers, till that splendid and commanding tune was as nearly as possible tamed down to the level of glee insipidity, one tradition of which is, that the more the singers go *ad libitum*, the greater is the amount of expression. In all Handel's choruses, too, familiar as they are, band and chorus fell short of that massiveness and decision, without which one-half of the master's grandeur is lost. Lastly, in Signor Mario's aria from Mozart's 'Davide penitente' the luckless singer found so little sympathy (in spite of his incessant appeals of eye and head), that the whole of the first movement, which is richly instrumented, went over with an obvious disagreement, as comfortably to hear as to see. We have but a few more notes to offer on this concert: the first is, a word of caution to Miss M. B. Hawes, not to mistake the meaning of Handel's admirable 'He was despised,' which she sung on Wednesday with a stern defiance, a contempt of the contemners, at variance with the spirit of the song, which is "steeped in tears." The second is a note of admiration at the fine fugue from Haydn's 'Il Ritorno di Tobia,' which, though not based on such a subject as Handel loved to imagine, or work out, is still admirable as a piece of writing and climax. The third is an expression of disappointment at the great *scena* from Paer's 'Griselda,' with *violin obbligato*. If the staple of the Italian operas of the dramatic-musical Middle Ages be no stronger than this, we really think that the *landadores temporis acti* may abate something of their contempt for Donizetti and Mercadante. Here we had forms as hackneyed, melodies as stale, and divisions as absurdly tinkling,—the epoch of their production taken into account,—as distinguish the newest productions of the newest school. Lastly, we have to remark, that Beethoven's symphony in D contains a ravishing slow movement, and a spirited *finale*, besides the *allegro* and *scherzo* vouchsafed to us. These mutilations are, to our thinking, intolerable. The singers were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Hawes, Miss Birch, Sig. Mario, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. Phillips, who distinguished himself by the unusual grandeur and energy he threw into his scene from 'Belshazzar,' and Mr. Giubilei, whom we have too seldom heard at the concerts or operas of this year of disappointment, 1842.

M. THALBERG'S CONCERT.—A professional farwell is, in general, nearly as intelligible as the Frenchman's "Did it rain to-morrow?" Rubini's final departure is about to be followed (as the Opera bills tell us) by his speedy re-appearance: and the no less positively threatened retirement of M. Thalberg has been strictly carried into effect by as brisk a series of European concerts as most pianists manage to go through, when they are actually before the public! Enough in protest against a piece of affectation on the part of the artist himself, or the *fermiers de son talent*, too closely approaching trickery to be allowed again and again to pass without comment. It is some comfort that M. Thalberg's real or fancied adieux have done nothing to impair his magnificent powers. His tone is still superb: the fullest, richest, most musical sound ever drawn out by keys from wires,—a thing to be admired, and its secret sought by the whole world of pianoforte players. His execution is still exquisitely round, finished, and admirable for its calmness; the spite of Smellungus himself could

not charge him with a dropped note or a hurried passage: nor has he yet learned any of those signs of personal fatigue, or distortion, by which some great artists have really impaired, and many little ones have in fancy enhanced, the effect of their performances. A study of reiterated notes keeping up a melody, was one of the most beautiful pieces of playing we ever heard: and the movement, like all M. Thalberg's original compositions, is elegant in its theme—and conducted with great judgment to its close. We liked his new *fantasias* far less. Two of them, those upon 'La Sonnambula' and 'Lucia,' so entirely run upon M. Liszt's ground, that comparison is inevitable, and redounds in both cases to the credit of the latter. The first struck us as rather a Satanic concoction of the themes of Bellini's delicate opera. If a *fantasia* have any value, its colour should surely be decided by that of its themes or the sources whence they are taken. We can admit the addition of discords to infernal *valse* from 'Robert le Diable,' the reduplication of pompous chords in the 'Pregiera' from 'Mosé,' but when *Amina's* sorrow and *Elvino's* despair are dressed up with the same condiments of diabolical harmony and splendid climax, the wonder of the thing is forgotten in misapprehension so glaring. In short, with all M. Thalberg's admirable powers, this monotony in their employment must end in his finding a place in the history of Art far beneath his deserts; inasmuch as we believe, that executive musicians will, year by year, find it increasingly difficult to maintain a high reputation on the mere exhibition of their own wonders. Far may this time of decline be from M. Thalberg; it is in his own power to postpone it *sine die*. At all events, there was no sign of wavering on the part of the public yesterday week. The room was thoroughly filled; the applause enthusiastic.

M. Rubinstein.—We have little faith in prodigies:—less patience to see the best years and the best hopes of a child's life expended, and prematurely destroyed, in the mechanics of musical education. But it is absurd to be beyond the will or power of making exceptions; and we must needs do so in the case of this young pianist. As to age, a year more or less is of little consequence; and whether he be accepted as eleven, or rated as fifteen, he is remarkable as a player: possessing sound scientific acquirement, which gives him (as we have had full opportunity of testing) calm command over the fugues of Bach committed to memory,—graceful expression, instanced in his execution of some of Henselt's most delicate and charming studies,—and daring execution, inasmuch as he not only attempts, but fairly masters the difficulties of Liszt's compositions, from which the generality of his practised seniors wisely keep aloof. A part of this extraordinary proficiency is, no doubt, ascribable to physical conformation, his hand being large, long, and fleshy, in no common proportions; but that the mind must have been at work, is evidenced by the reading he knows how to give of the oldest or newest music: and much is owing to his master, M. Villojo (a Russian professor), who, if health and life be spared his pupil, will assuredly reap high honour from his success.

THE THEATRES.—The English forces are fast leaving the field to their foreign rivals. COVENT GARDEN is, for the present, given up to the Germans, next week DRURY LANE will be evacuated for the season; and the HAYMARKET will then remain the only place where the banners of the national drama will still wave; the minor rallying points for the scattered troops being merely outposts for the skirmishers. The result of Mr. Macready's campaign will be more properly summed up next week; his benefit took place last night, when 'Marino Faliero' was reproduced; and the closing night is Monday, when Mr. Anderson essays the part of *Othello* for his benefit. The figures in the reckoning of the late lessee's losses at Covent Garden to be found in our miscellaneous column, we leave to speak for themselves; their eloquence is portentous of the ultimate fate of the great theatres, and those who adventure their management. The doings of the week are trivial: at the Haymarket Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean have played *Shylock* and *Portia* in 'The Merchant of Venice,' and they are to play as *Jacques* and *Rosalind* in 'As You Like It,' on Monday, for their benefit; and will shortly

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appear in a new play by Sheridan Knowles. 'The Beaux Stratagem' was promised for to-night; Mrs. Niblett being the chief attraction. The company at the LYCEUM offer variety and abundance: an operetta of Haynes Bayly's, an Olympic burlesque, a ballet, a comic burletta, and a farce, being the bill of fare for one evening's entertainment: Harley and Mrs. Humby join them on Monday. The Jack Sheppards and Sixteen-string Jacks we are glad to see superseded by a jolly 'Jack-in-the-Water' at the OLYMPIC, and a moralizing 'Muggins' at the NEW STRAND; the visitors at the latter little roadside house of entertainment are to be made merry by the inimitable comic powers of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, "on and after" the 30th instant. Equestrian spectacles are the order of the day at the SURREY and SADLER'S WELLS: 'Mum!' leading the chivalry of the former, and 'Harry the Fifth' of the latter.

M. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on MONDAY, May 23, in the OPERA CONCERT ROOM, Variations—Mendelssohn, Frezzolani, Poggi, Molteni, Ronconi, Stoeckl, Heinefecht, Pachel, R. Grisi, and R. Dolby: Signors and Instrumentals, Poggi, R. Costa, Lablache, G. Ronconi, F. Lablache, J. Staudigl, and Mr. John Parry. Instrumentals—Pianoforte, M. Benedict; Harp, Mr. Farish Alvars; Violin, M. Molique; Cello, Signor, Ignazio Cavallini; Horn, Signor, Fazzi. Conductor, Signor, R. Costa—Boxes, stalls, reserved seats near the pianoforte, and pit tickets, to be had of the principal music-sellers, and of M. Benedict, 22, Queen-street, May-fair.

MR. BLAGROVE and MR. JOHN PARRY'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, will take place on FRIDAY EVENING next, May 27, at the HAYMARKET THEATRE, commencing at Eight o'clock. Vocal Performers: Mesdames Caradon, Alibon, Adelaide Kemble, Eubank, Loder, Toulmin, and Maria B. Hawes; Messrs. Phillips and John Parry. Instrumental: Pianoforte, Madame Dulcken; Harp, Mr. Farish Alvars; Clarinet, Signor Ernesto Cavallini; and Violin, Mr. Blagrove. The orchestra will be on the most extensive scale. Leaders, Messrs. Blagrove and Loder; Conductors, Messrs. Benedict and Negri. Tickets, reserved seats, and programmes, to be had of Mr. Blagrove, 82, Norton-street, Portland-place; Mr. John Parry, 17, Tavistock-street, Bedford-square, and the principal music shops.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. MISS DORRELL and Mr. W. DORRELL, Professors at the Royal Academy of Music, beg respectfully to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and their friends, that their MORNING CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music, under the immediate Patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, and other names of distinction, will take place at the above Rooms, on THURSDAY, June 2, 1842, to commence at two o'clock precisely. An engagement will be offered to M. Duprez (the celebrated Tenor singer), should he arrive in London in time. The Orchestra will be on the most extensive scale, selected from the Philharmonic, Italian Opera, and (by permission) the Royal Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Leader, Mr. F. Cramer. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Mr. and Miss Dorrell, 45, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, and at the principal Music shops. A limited number of reserved seats, 15s. each, to be had only of Mr. and Miss Dorrell.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. Last Night of the Season. For the BENEFIT of Mr. ANDERSON.—On MONDAY, May 23, OTHELLO. Iago, Mr. Macready; Othello (attempted for the first time), Mr. Anderson; The Duke, Mr. G. Bennett; Brabantio, Mr. Elton; Desdemona, Mr. Waldron; Lodovico, Mr. Lynde; Montano, Mr. Graham; Imogen, Miss Helen Faucit; Emilia, Mrs. Warner. After which the BALLAD MANEUVER. Tickets and places may be had of Mr. Anderson, 14, High Street, Camden Town, and of Mr. Notter, at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

Patent Theatres.—Mr. C. Mathews has filed his schedule in the Insolvent Debtors Court, and from it we collect some interesting particulars respecting the profits of the monopoly. The following is an analysis of the receipts and expenditure during his three years' management. £. s. d.
Receipts during the first season 48,673 17 0
Expenditure in the same period 52,903 1 2
The season was 199 nights, averaging 244l. a night, whilst the expenditure was 266l., showing a nightly loss of 22l.
Second season—total receipts 49,327 6 4
expenditure 51,440 4 7
Being 221 nights, showing a loss of 10l. a night.
Third season, ending April 29—receipts 42,535 17 0
expenditure 55,691 8 9
The season was 165 nights, averaging 216l. a night, whilst the expenses were 258l., showing a nightly loss of 41l. 14s.
Total losses during the three seasons 13,206 16 2

Mr. Wyse and Le Vicomte d'Arincourt.—The following letter, addressed to Mr. J. Hamill, the friend of Mr. Wyse, relates to an article which appeared in *Pelerin*.—"Sir,—In consequence of an application made to me by you, as the friend of Mr. Wyse, and acting under his instructions, relative to an article in my last work, entitled '*L'Aliéné de Mareville*,' I hasten to give you the following explanation. The youth and innocence of the young Napoleon Wyse created a great interest in me when I made his acquaintance, and induced me to place an implicit confidence in his assertions. He appeared to me in a state of moral and physical suffering, and assigned as a cause of that suffering, the rigorous treatment of his father. However, since the publication of the *Pelerin*, and in opposition to the formal

assertions of the son, several most honourable authorities, and particularly that of Bishop Wiseman, whose reputation is European, have contradicted the facts stated, and given an irrefragable force to the solemn declarations of Mr. Wyse, the father, in all that relates to himself and his family. Under these circumstances, I feel it a duty to myself and to all the world to declare that I had no other intention than that of relating a dramatic incident, and affording assistance in a case of great misfortune, and by no means to constitute myself a judge of the question. As I have not the honour of being acquainted with any member of Mr. Wyse's family except the young man in question, and could have no motive for doing them an injury, it would cause me most deep regret to think that I should have been the echo of a calumny against a man and a family which Dr. Wiseman and other honourable persons consider as irreproachable.—Accept, Sir, &c.

May 7, 1842. (Signed) "LE VICOMTE D'ARINCOURT."
Earthquake in Greece.—The continental papers of last week made mention of a slight shock of an earthquake which had been felt in Greece. Letters and papers from Athens, since received, speak of it as of more than usual extent and violence. It occurred on the 18th ult. Beyond the Eurotas, an immense rock fell from Mount Menelus, near the village of Drouchas. An old tower, situate in the town of Magoules, was thrown to the ground. At Mistra, the soil trembled with violence, and a portion of the Hellenic College and several houses were destroyed. The water of the springs and wells became turbid, and an enormous rock, having detached itself from the summit of old Mount Mistra, rolled with terrific noise into the town. Upwards of fifty dwellings were thrown down at Areopolis, and fifteen towers crumbled at Cetylus. Many persons were buried under the ruins of their houses in the province of Maina. At Androuss, several churches fell in.—The *Courier Grec* states, that a red rain had fallen at Tripolitza and elsewhere, and that the Minister of the Interior had collected information respecting that phenomenon, which would be submitted to the examination of the medical board.

Railway Regulations.—Since the late accident on the Versailles Railway, the Minister of Public Works has ordered the following provisional measures. 1. The use of four-wheeled locomotives for the transport of passengers is interdicted. 2. The placing at the head of a train, before the locomotives, either a four-wheeled tender or any other kind of four-wheeled carriage, is prohibited. 3. Locomotives must always be in front of the train, and never behind. In all cases it is interdicted absolutely to place a passengers' train between two locomotives, one acting in front and the other behind. 4. Until a better means of diminishing the effect of shocks and collisions shall have been ascertained and prescribed, there must always be at the head of each train, composed of five carriages at the utmost, at least one carriage without passengers, and at least two, when the number of carriages in the train exceeds five. 5. The passengers' carriages are not to be locked. 6. The rail-road companies are to have registers of the state of service of all their locomotives. Upon these registers, which are to be constantly kept open, there shall be a special description of each axle-tree, and, by the side of the number affixed to each, with the date of its being first brought into use, shall be inscribed an account of its service, and the work it has to perform. 7. An order of the Prefect shall fix for each rail-road the minimum of the interval which is to elapse between the departure of two consecutive trains. 8. Upon the Paris and Versailles rail-roads, of the right and left banks, in coming from Versailles to Paris, the rate of speed at no part of the line shall exceed ten metres per second, or thirty-six kilometres (about 22½ miles English) per hour.

Spain.—A Madrid paper mentions the discovery of a cave near Oviedo, which is nearly a league and a half in circumference. A quantity of human bones, and the handle of an antique sword, which has been sold to a goldsmith of Oviedo, for five ounces of gold, were found in it.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Mary S.—R. D.—Hastings—G. E.—received.—To J. C. F. certainly not.—We cannot find the paragraph referred to by J. C.

Erratum.—P. 429, col. 1, l. 29, for "impious complaint," read *compliment*.

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